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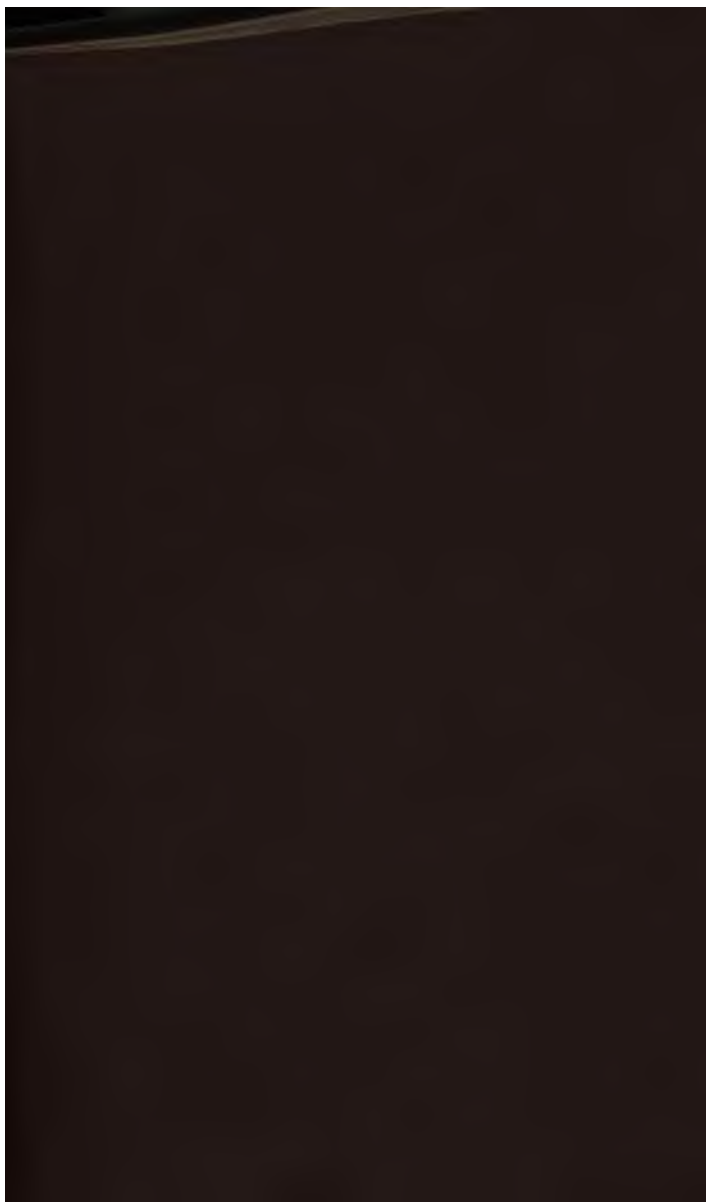


FROM THE

GEORGE B. SOHIER PRIZE FUND

"The surplus each year over and above what shall be
required for the prize shall be expended
for books for the library"

J. F. CLARK
1882
STATIONER







John Leyden.

SCENES OF INFANCY,

Descriptive of Tebiotdale,

BY

JOHN LEYDEN, M.D.

With a Biographical Sketch of the Author

BY THE

REV. W. W. TULLOCH, B.D.,

PARISH CHURCH, KELSO.

K E L S O :

J. & J. H. RUTHERFURD, 20, SQUARE.

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Preface.

I HAVE had pleasure in preparing this slight sketch of Leyden's life at the request of the enterprising Border firm who publish this little volume. Neither Leyden's poetry nor his life should be forgotten. The former still deserves perusal for its healthful and vigorous tone and its genuine touches of Nature. The latter was ennobled by self-sacrifice, and distinguished by an unquenchable thirst after knowledge. Both may still serve to inspire high thought and pure ambition, and help us to preserve, as he did, amid the vicissitudes of life, "the unselfish heart, the innocence of youth."

For my information, I am chiefly indebted to Sir Walter Scott's "Biographical Memoir" of the poet, first published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* in 1811; to Mr Robert White's "Supplement" to that memoir, published in 1858; and to the Rev. James Morton's "Life of Leyden," published along with an edition of his "Poetical Remains" in 1819.

W. W. T.

KELSO, July 5, 1875.

———"A broken life

Was his, alas! with promise unfulfilled :

A man 'mong men, who rose to what he was,

In pure outcome of free spontaneous power

His God had given ; and o'er his early bier

Two Muses met,—the Muse of Scottish song,

The Muse of Eastern lore,—to mourn him dead,

To wail their broken hopes, but yet to joy

That he had kept his dearest trust, his prayer,—

Th' unselfish heart, the innocence of youth!"

PROFESSOR VEITCH.



LEYDEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

FROM A PHOTO. BY J. Y. HUNTER, HAWICK.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IN the pleasant little village of Denholm, a few miles distant from the busy manufacturing town of Hawick, in a white cottage, roofed with thatch, which still stands, was born John Leyden on the 8th of September, 1775. Though his parents were in very humble circumstances, they could yet tell him of his ancestors, who for long had lived in the vale of the Teviot—one of whom had been distinguished for his valour, while another seems to have been somewhat of a versifier. About a year after his birth his parents removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage standing under the shadow of “the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw,” the bold hill which gives so much character to the district. His father was here employed in managing the farm of a relative of his wife, and was able to bring up his family in circumstances of frugal comfort.

Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, and soon showed an ardent desire for information of all kinds. The Bible, the histories of Wallace and Bruce, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments,

Sir David Lindsay's poetry, Paradise Lost, and Chapman's Homer are among the books he had access to, which attracted his earliest attention. His love of books may be gathered from the trouble he took to obtain possession of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. A companion had told him something of its contents, and he discovered that a copy of it was in the possession of a blacksmith, who lived at a considerable distance. Through snow and ice he went one winter's morning to get liberty from the blacksmith to peruse the volume in the "smithy." The son of Vulcan was, however, employed at a temporary job some place further off. Nothing daunted, on the youthful student went, remained by the blacksmith all day, and at last was rewarded for his pertinacity by receiving a present of the book. He returned home after sunset worn out with fatigue and hunger.

A Border peasant boy at that time lived in an atmosphere of romantic tradition and exciting ballad. Young Leyden lent an attentive ear to the legendary strains of his native district, and seems almost to have identified himself with the forgotten times which they recalled. Sir Walter Scott thinks that this greatly influenced his future character. "These songs and legends," he says, "became rooted in his memory, and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood and cherished in youth gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his own mind; and many, if not all the peculiarities of his manner and habits of *thinking*, may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a Borderer of former times.

To this may be ascribed his eager admiration of adventurous deeds and military achievement, his contempt of luxury, his zealous and somewhat exclusive preference of his native district, an affected dislike to the *southron* as the 'auld enemies of Scotland,' an earnest desire to join to the reputation of high literary acquirements, the praise of an adept at all manly exercises, and the disregard of ceremony, and bold, undaunted bearing in society, which might be supposed to have characterized an ancient native of the Border."

At the village school at Kirkton, Leyden acquired some smattering of knowledge. When Scott was in this part of the country with Wordsworth in 1803, he pointed out to him the schoolhouse to which Leyden had walked some "miles every day across the moors when a poor barefooted boy." His parents were not long in discovering that their son possessed abilities of no mean order, and with that ambition which is so characteristic of Scottish people in humble life, they resolved, if possible, to educate him for the "ministry." With this view, when he was about twelve years old, they placed him under the care of the Rev. James Duncan of Denholm, a Cameronian minister, who would doubtless instruct him in the elements of Greek and Latin. The distance of Denholm from his cottage home was considerable, and an incident in connection with this fact reveals his insatiable desire for information. His father wished to purchase a donkey from a neighbour upon which he might ride to and from the minister's; but Leyden, fearing to incur the ridicule of the other boys, resolutely refused, till he discovered that the possessor of the animal had a large book in some

learned language, which he was willing to make part of the bargain.

After being with Mr. Duncan for two years, he was considered fit to proceed to the University of Edinburgh. His father accompanied him twenty miles on his way with a horse, which they rode alternately. They then parted, the father returning to his ordinary work, the boy going forth to the big world and the unknown future. In some fine lines addressed to his shadow, he thus alludes to this time in the fourth part of his "Scenes of Infancy":—

"But when I left my father's old abode,
And thou the sole companion of my road,
As sad I paus'd, and fondly looked behind,
And almost deem'd each face I met unkind,
While kindling hopes to boding fears gave place,
Thou seem'dst the ancient spirit of my race.
In startled Fancy's ear I heard thee say,
'Ha! I will meet thee after many a day,
When youth's impatient joys, too fierce to last,
And Fancy's wild illusions, all are past;
Yes! I will come when scenes of youth depart,
To ask thee for thy innocence of heart—
To ask thee, when thou bidst this light adieu,
Ha! wilt thou blush thy ancestors to view?'"

When he first went to college, his gaunt and rustic figure, his high-pitched tone of voice, and his strongly provincial accent, afforded considerable amusement to his fellow students; but many soon learned to value him for his real worth. He remained five or six years in Edinburgh, and made great progress in his studies. Besides attending the classes necessary to fit him for the Church, he took some of the medical classes, and acquired a certain knowledge of French, Spanish, Italian, German, Icelandic, Hebrew, *Arabic*, and Persian. He also became superficially

acquainted with many of the physical sciences. It seemed to be his object to learn so much of a science or language as to enable him, if necessary, to renew its study on any future occasion. If twitted on the miscellaneous character of his studies, and the impossibility of his being able to possess any more than a very superficial knowledge of any of them, he used to say, "Dash it, man, never mind ; if you have the scaffolding ready you can run up the masonry when you please."

He spent the long Scotch vacations chiefly at home, and finding his father's little cottage not very suitable for study, he used to seek out remote and secluded spots where he could read, think, and work at his leisure. In one of these spots he even erected a furnace by which he might pursue some chemical researches. One of his chief resorts was the Parish Church of Cavers, situated in a lonely and romantic part of the country, surrounded by an old churchyard, and enclosed by gloomy trees. The peasants deemed the church haunted when not open for service, and when it became known that Leyden was engaged in studies which appeared to the rustic mind to be "uncanny," no ordinary interest was excited. In bands they would visit the church to see if they could discover anything to feed their love of the marvellous. Leyden found their procedure far from beneficial to his studies, and resolved, if possible, to frighten them away once and for ever. He announced, we have been told, that on a certain night he would "raise the Deil." A crowd having assembled, in the dusky twilight, he stood waving what appeared to be a magical wand, and uttering strange incantations. Suddenly, on a given signal, an accomplice appeared on the scene dressed to represent his *Satanic*.

Majesty. The rustics were not long in taking to their heels, rushing in violent haste from the spot, tumbling over graves and gravestones, and never halting till they had put a considerable distance between them and one whom they believed to be the arch-enemy of mankind. From that time Leyden studied in peace.

Though he had few friends in the country, Leyden had many in Edinburgh—some not undistinguished. Among these were the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" the Rev. Alexander Murray, a good oriental scholar, and afterwards for a short time Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburgh; William Erskine, author of a "Poetical Epistle from St. Kilda," whom he afterwards met in India; and Dr. Thomas Brown, the distinguished Professor of Moral Philosophy. With the poet Campbell he afterwards quarrelled; and Scott, in his diary for 1826, speaking of Campbell, tells an amusing story of them. When Sir Walter repeated "Hohenlinden" to Leyden, he said—"Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." Scott says, "I did my errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers; and had for answer—'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation.'" When he heard of Leyden's going to India, Campbell said, "When Leyden comes back from India what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces."

At this early period, however, Scott and he had not met. The first man of letters for whom he did any work was Dr. Robert Anderson, who was the first writer to give to the public a complete edition of *English poetry from the time of Chaucer down to his*

own day. Under his patronage Leyden contributed some pieces of poetry to the *Edinburgh Magazine*; and Sir Walter Scott tells us he well remembers how often his attention was attracted to original and translated poetical pieces in that magazine about the years 1793 and 1794, signed with the initials "J. L." These included translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, Hebrew, Arabic, Syrian, and Persian. Here are two very fine and spirited translations from the Greek Anthology, which Lord Neaves, in his admirable little book on the subject, has rescued from the oblivion with which they were threatened. The first is "On an Eagle perched on the Tombstone of Aristomenes."

"Majestic bird ! so proud and fierce,
Why tower'st thou o'er that warrior's hearse ?"
"I tell each god-like earthly king,
Far as o'er birds of every wing
Supreme the lordly eagle sails,
Great Aristomenes prevails.
Let timid doves, with plaintive cry,
Coo o'er the graves where cowards lie :
'Tis o'er the dauntless hero's breast
The kingly eagle loves to rest."

The other is from the song of the Cretan warrior, bearing the name of Hybrias.

"My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield !
With these I till, with these I sow ;
With these I reap my harvest field—
No other wealth the gods bestow :
With these I plant the fertile vine,
With these I press the luscious wine.
My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield !
They make me lord of all below,—
For those who dread my spear to wield
Before my shaggy shield must bow.
Their fields, their vineyards, they resign,
And all that cowards have is mine."

His articles attracted much attention, and he soon found

himself a favoured guest in the houses of many distinguished *literati* then in Edinburgh—Mr. Richard Weber, Mr. Archibald Constable, Lord Woodhouselee, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, author of “The Man of Feeling,” Sidney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and others. He was a great friend of the Duchess of Gordon, and also of Lady Charlotte Campbell, to whom he dedicated his “Scenes of Infancy.” His appearance was striking, if somewhat peculiar. Scott describes him as being “of middle stature, of a frame rather thin than strong built, but muscular and active, and well fitted for all those athletic exertions in which he delighted to be accounted a master.” “In his complexion, the clear red upon the cheek indicated a hectic propensity, but with his brown hair, lively dark eyes, and well-proportioned features, gave an acute and interesting turn of expression to his whole countenance.”

In society his nature led him to be a little *gauche*. He could not brook to hear opinions set up from which he differed, and chose every opportunity of expressing his own views. In doing so his manner became excited, and his voice rose into what he called his *saw tones*. His spirits were generally very high, and he impressed people with a vivid sense that they were in the presence of a vigorous mind and a man of no ordinary character. He did not like to be shunted into a corner in society, no matter of whom it consisted. Scott narrates that one evening at a large and fashionable party, to many of whom Leyden was quite a stranger, silence being imposed for the purpose of a song, Leyden gave, all uninvited, a verse or two of a Border ditty, “with all the dissonance of an Indian war-whoop.” A friend remonstrated with him on the subject as they walked home—

wards, when he defended himself by saying—"Dash it, man, they would have thought I was *afraid* to sing before them."

He was, however, very good-natured, and took no offence when twitted on the subject of his rough manners and queer doings. A lady of rank made him dance with her one evening. He was either no adept at the art, or by his high spirits was led to perform some extraordinary antics, for next morning we hear of him sending her the following lines :—

—— "Almira? who is he,
Foredoom'd to lead the dance of life with thee;
But as thou tread'st the giddy circling maze
Of airy fashion, where each step betrays,
Still faultless hold thy course, intrepid fair,
Nor quite forget thy surly friend,

THE BEAR."

If Scott's narrative is to be trusted, his manners were sometimes very extraordinary, but it is only fair to state that another biographer thinks Scott painted the peculiarities of his friend in rather a grotesque manner. Being in company with Ritson, the English antiquary, who had written a work against the use of animal food, an argument ensued upon the subject. Leyden maintained it was part of a masculine character to eat whatever came to hand, whether the substance was vegetable or animal, cooked or uncooked. Going on the adage that "example is better than precept," he called for a raw beef steak, and ate it in the presence of the astounded and horrified antiquary, who ever afterwards regarded him as a "species of learned ogre." Scott also tells us that on one occasion he went to an evening party with a fragment of a human hand which he had been dissecting in his pocket, and on some question

arising about muscular action, he was "with difficulty withheld from producing this grisly evidence in support of the argument which he maintained." Perhaps Scott may have made the most of such stories, but he yielded to no one in admiration for Leyden's fine qualities of "energy, application, and intelligence," which, speaking on this very subject, he says, "dignified his extravagancies, and vindicated his assumption of merit." He adds that it is extremely difficult to "paint his manly, generous, and friendly disposition." Scott is also anxious to put it on record that "if he despised the outworks of ceremony, he never trespassed the essentials of good breeding." Nor could he well do so. He was at heart, in every sense, a gentleman.

Towards the close of 1797, he accompanied two pupils to the University of St. Andrews, and, no doubt, in the quiet of that academic town he found time for meditation and reading, as well as congenial society. At this time the name of Mungo Park was much in the mouth of the public, and Leyden, already deeply interested in everything connected with the East, was much attracted by the accounts of his travels and discoveries. They interested him so much that he resolved to study the whole subject of African travel, and as the result of his labours, he published in 1799 a volume entitled "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa at the close of the 18th century." It was an excellent abridgement of the information afforded by travellers, and was well received. Curiously enough, however, there arose a rumour in his native district that he had in his book thrown *discredit* on some of Park's theories, and much

anger was evinced in regard to this. Being in Hawick at the time when the rumours were most prevalent, he was told how highly popular feeling was touched by them, and advised to leave the town. He was in reality on the eve of his departure, but his spirit was so roused by this that he instantly stalked off to the Market Place, where most of the people were assembled, and where a troop of Roxburghshire Yeomanry, of whom he had been particularly cautioned to beware, were parading. Scott tells us he stalked up and down "humming surlily," like one of Ossian's heroes, the fragment of a Border song—

" 'T've done nae ill, I'll brook nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray I *will* gang.' "

In May, 1798, he was "licensed" to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of St Andrews, and on his return to Edinburgh he officiated in several pulpits. Though his sermons must have been good, and characterised by literary ability, his manner was not particularly graceful, and as a preacher he cannot be said to have been very successful.

In the autumn of 1800, Leyden accompanied two young foreigners on a tour to the Highlands and Hebrides. This he enjoyed very much, and wrote several poems founded on the stories and traditions of the Celts. It is supposed that these have all perished with the exception of the "Mermaid of Corrievrekin," which he inscribed to Lady Charlotte Campbell, and published in the third volume of the "Border Minstrelsy." It is fluently written, and exhibits much imaginative power. When Sir Walter Scott visited Corrievrekin for the composition of the "Lord of the

Isles," he thus remembers and laments his friend Leyden—

—"Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievrekin's roar
And lonely Colonsay ;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN's cold remains !"

In 1801, he contributed the "Elf King," one of his most stirring pieces, to Mr. Lewis' "Tales of Wonder ;" and in the following year he worked hard, along with Sir Walter Scott, in procuring materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The essay on "Fairy Superstition" in the second volume was written by him, though "digested" and revised by the editor. He was of great service to Sir Walter in collecting the ballads of the Border from the oral recitation of the people. On one occasion a fragment of a most interesting ballad had been obtained, but nothing could be discovered of the complete poem, "to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor." "Two days afterwards," says Sir Walter, "while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden, to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him, burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of the saw tones of his voice already commemorated.

It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."

Leyden gave himself a tough piece of work when he undertook to edit a curious and interesting old book, entitled the "Complaynt of Scotland," published some time about the year 1548. This work has since been very carefully edited for the Early English Text Society by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, who is also a Borderer, and, if we mistake not, also a native of Denholm. He mentions that Dr. Leyden's edition was limited to 150 copies, and speaks in high terms of the manner in which Leyden performed his difficult task. "Leyden's work," he says, "is very carefully and faithfully done, the few errors in the text which I have come upon occurring mainly in those leaves which were wanting in the copies to which the editor himself had access, and for which he was obliged to depend on the work of others." The defects are spoken of as "minor," and the whole work as "a creditable piece of scholarship for the beginning of this century, when such low feelings prevailed generally as to the importance of literal accuracy—indeed, the editor was attacked by no less an authority than Pinkerton for not printing the text 'as a classic'—*i.e.*, cooking the spelling as he himself would have done." "A long and valuable introduction," Dr. Murray continues, "though badly arranged and sometimes irrelevant, displayed an immense acquaintance with early literature, and by the accounts and specimens which it furnished of works only existing in MS., or unique old impressions, did much to stimulate the formation of the great printing

clubs of Scotland a generation ago, which again, in their turn, paved the way for the Early English Text and kindred popular Societies of the present day. Remarks on the language, for which Leyden was specially fitted, and which would have been a real gain to Scottish philology, clearing the subject of the fantastic nonsense with which Pinkerton and his followers managed to invest it, he was obliged for want of space to omit. His glossary, however, is of very considerable value, and the information contained in it has been largely used by others with and without acknowledgment." It will be seen from these remarks of a thoroughly competent judge that Leyden rendered no small service to the study of philology and the literature of a bygone age when he edited the "Complaynt of Scotland."

About this time he also edited Wilson's "Clyde," and published it, with some other pieces, under the title, "Scottish Descriptive Poems." Mr. John Wilson was the first librarian of a well-known library in Greenock. In his edition of "The Clyde," Leyden tells us that on receiving this appointment, Wilson was required by the magistrates and ministers to abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." But the phrase, which has obtained a proverbial and somewhat jocular currency in connection with Greenock, and led to many a laugh against it, was really never used in the matter; but was, as may be seen on reference to his autobiography, the invention of John Galt the novelist, to whom Leyden had applied for assistance in the collection of biographical materials. "I should not omit," he there says, "to mention a laughable error of which *I was guilty in this affair*. When the poet was ap-

pointed to the school, the magistrates, for good and substantial reasons, best known to themselves, stipulated that he should forego poetry, and on speaking of the stipulation, I said it was required on taking charge of the school that he should cease to cultivate 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.' I had nothing in view save a fling at the boss-headed bailies ; but Dr. Leyden took the joke as no jest, and with foot and hand uplifted declaimed on the Presbyterian bigotry at great length, as may be seen in his book to this day." For six months he edited a new series of the *Scots Magazine*, published by Mr. Constable. He was also busy with his "Scenes of Infancy." Of this, the poem by which he is best known, he wrote large portions in Scott's cottage at Lasswade. The Ettrick Shepherd mentions hearing Scott speak of the extraordinary facility with which Leyden wrote. After having written for some time, he would read his verses to Scott, adopt his advice, and then set to work to alter, amend, and compress them into about half the original number of verses.

At this time he depended chiefly upon private tuition for a living, and both he and his friends began to get anxious about a more permanent source of revenue, and employment more suited and congenial to his talents and tastes. He had not succeeded in getting a parish, though, had he remained at home a little longer, his influential friends and his own merits would most certainly have obtained a living for him. But his own wish was to go abroad and explore the Far East, and an ambition to extend the bounds of literary and geographical knowledge was constantly haunting him. "The discoveries of Mungo Park haunted his

very slumbers." He replied to all objections as to the risk to be incurred in the words of Ossian—"Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead."

In 1800, he applied to the African Society to be sent out as an explorer—a circumstance which made his friends hasten to do what they could to obtain for him an appointment which would at once gratify his restless desire, and secure him a permanent income, in a sphere in which his talents and love of linguistic investigation might be of real service. Unfortunately, the only appointment that could be secured for him was one which required not only a knowledge of medicine, but a surgeon's degree. Nothing daunted by the condition, Leyden intimated his readiness, and with alacrity set himself to the task of qualifying himself for the appointment. In doing so, his wonderful powers of application and intelligence were severely taxed and marvellously displayed. He passed the examination for a surgeon's degree with credit; but Scott tells us he was so incautious as to boast of his success after so short a career of study a little too loudly, and he was obliged to obtain his degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrews. Having secured this, he at once set himself to the mastery of a variety of oriental languages.

About the middle of December, 1804, he bade farewell to his friends, and proceeded to Roxburghshire to take leave of his parents, intending to go right on to London. Some accident, however, made him change his intentions. His unexpected arrival in Edinburgh, says Scott, was picturesque and somewhat startling. "A party of his friends had met in the evening to talk *over his merits*, and to drink, in Scottish phrase, his

Bonallie. While about the witching hour they were crowning a solemn bumper to his health, a figure burst into the room, muffled in a seaman's cloak and travelling cap, covered with snow, and distinguishable only by the sharpness and ardour of the tones with which he exclaimed, 'Dash it, boys, here I am again.'

He had good letters of introduction from his friends to men of letters in London. He seems to have lived chiefly with Mr. George Ellis, author of "Specimens of Ancient English Poetry." While in Mr. Ellis' house, anxiety and over-work brought on a sharp illness, which, however, in all probability was the means of saving his life. But for his illness he would have sailed in the "Hindostan," which was wrecked going down Channel, and a great number of passengers were drowned. He thus writes about it—"I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever." Before he left London, he finished his "Scenes of Infancy," the last part of which is full of pathetic and touching allusions to his position. He trusted the revision of the whole poem to some of his Edinburgh friends. They seem to have exercised their duty pretty rigorously, for we find him thus writing to Mr. Ballantyne, publisher and printer—"I fancy you expect to receive a waggon-load, at least, of thanks for your midwife skill in swaddling my bantling so tight that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you and your razor-witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associate, whose tastes I do not pretend to think anything like equal to my own, though, before I left Scotland, I thought them amazingly acute; but I fancy there is something in a

London atmosphere which greatly brightens the understanding and furbishes the taste. This is all the vengeance you have unfortunately left in my power, for I sincerely am of opinion that you ought to have adopted the alterations in the first sheet, which I think most indubitably better than those you retained. The verses you excluded were certainly the most original in all the second canto, and certainly the next best to the 'Spectre Ship' in the whole poem; and I defy you and —, and the whole *Edinburgh Review*, to impeach their originality. And what is more, they contained the winding-sheet of the dead child, wet with a mother's repining tears, which was the very idea for the sake of which I wrote the whole episode; so you have curtailed what I liked, and left what I did not care a sixpence about, for I would not have been half so enraged if you had omitted the whole episode, and, what is more provoking than all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching! By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out." Having thus good-naturedly delivered himself on the revisionists, he thus winds up:—"Now, my dear Ballantyne, though I lift up my voice like a trumpet against your bad taste in criticism, yet I give you all due credit for good intentions, and my warmest thanks for the trouble you have taken, only do not talk of men of taste approving of your vile critical razors—razors of scarification. Commend me warmly to your good motherly mother and your brothers. I shall be happy to hear of you and from you in my exile; and believe me, my dear Ballantyne, to be, yours most sincerely, JOHN LEYDEN."

He left for India in April, never to return—one of a very few who at that time sought that country with no other wish than to extend our knowledge of oriental literature, and to enrich our stock of learning by their own investigations. Shortly before he left, a vacancy occurred in Duddingston, one of the loveliest parishes in Scotland. Had he chosen, he might have had the living, and remained at home comfortably among and near all his friends ; but he would not renounce his purpose, saying to a friend—“It is too late—I go ; the die is cast—I cannot recede.”

He arrived at Madras on the 19th of August, 1803, in rather indifferent health, after a voyage of nearly five months. The first impressions of the society amongst which he found himself by so acute and intelligent an observer, cannot fail to be interesting. He says he found the public men composed of two sets. “The mercantile party, consisting chiefly of men of old standing, versed in trade, and inspired with a spirit in no respect superior to that of the most pitiful pettifogging pedlar, nor in their views a whit more enlarged ; in fact, men whose sole occupation is to make money, and who have no name for such phrases as national honour, public spirit, or patriotism—men, in short, who would sell their honour, or their country’s credit, to the highest bidder, without a shadow of scruple. What is more unfortunate, this is the party that stands highest in credit with the East India Company. There is another party for whom I am more at a loss to find an epithet. They cannot with propriety be termed the anti-mercantile party, as they have the interests of our national commerce more at heart than the others ; but they have

discovered that we are not merely merchants in India, but legislators and governors, and they assert that our conduct there ought to be calculated for stability and security, and equally marked by a wise internal administration of justice, financial and political economy, and by a vigilant, firm, and steady system of external politics. This class is represented by the first as only actuated by the spirit of innovation, and tending to embroil us everywhere in India. Its members consist of men of the first abilities, as well as principles, that have been drafted from the common professional routine for difficult or dangerous service. I fancy this division applies as much to Bombay and Bengal as to Madras. As to the members of my own profession, I found them in a state of complete depression, so much so that the Commander-in-Chief had assumed all the powers of the Medical Board, over whom a court-martial was at that time impending. The medical line had been from time immemorial shut out from every appointment except professional, and the emoluments of these had been greatly diminished just before my arrival. In this situation I found it very difficult at first what to resolve on. I saw clearly that there were only two routes in a person's choice—first, to sink into a mere professional drudge, and by strict economy to collect a few thousand pounds in the course of twenty years; or, secondly, to aspire a little beyond it, and by a superior knowledge of India, its laws, relations, politics, and languages, to claim a situation, somewhat more respectable, in addition to those of the line itself."

Fortunately, he was not long in securing such an appointment. On the recommendation of Sir William *Bentinck*, he obtained the situation of medical assistant

to the Mysore Survey. The occupation was congenial to him, though he found the marching and counter-marching in the heat of the sun very fatiguing to a constitution that never from the first seemed to stand the climate. He talks of the following heavy catalogue of languages engaging his attention :—Arabic, Persic, Hindostani, Mahratta, Tamal, Telenga, Canara, Sanscrit, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian. He continues a most interesting letter to his friend Ballantyne, by asking him to request his brother Alexander, sometimes on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for his sake, to play "Gingling Johnnie" on his flageolet ; and ends thus—"If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourselves drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our Eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in *water* (ohon a ree !) having long abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity." Though in bad health, he never appears to lose his spirits, and from the quaintly humorous remarks he makes from time to time in his letters to his friends, we see that much of the old fun is still left in him. He complains of none of his old friends answering his letters. He imagines some of his own letters must have miscarried, and, in the absence of any communication from home, asks, with an emphasis which it is unnecessary to repeat, "How is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their destination and which do not?" He had written so many letters that he resolved to write out the hundred, and "if none of my centenary brings me an answer, why, then, farewell." He is almost afraid to inquire for anybody, lest it should turn out that for a long time they have been dead and buried.

During his voyage to Puloo Penang, to which place he was obliged to resort for his health after being only a short time in the country, his vessel was chased by a French privateer, a circumstance which called forth his "Ode to a Malay Cris" or dagger, full of Border spirit and martial fire. At Prince of Wales' Island he remained some time, made many friends, and collected material for his elaborate and interesting "Dissertation on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations," which is printed in the tenth volume of the "Asiatic Researches." He left Penang in 1806, and went to Calcutta, where, during a year of bad health, he wrote an essay on the Indo-Persian, Indo-Chinese, and Dekkani languages, which was the means of his being placed on the establishment of the Government College with a settled salary. Shortly afterwards he was elected Professor of Hindostani, a post, however, which he resigned on being appointed by Lord Minto, then Governor-General, to the judgeship of the twenty-four Pargunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had to act both as a magistrate and a soldier, and discharged his duties with so much zeal and credit that he publicly received the thanks of Lord Minto and the Government. This post, also, he resigned when in 1809 he was appointed a Commissioner of Requests in Calcutta. He did not, however, hold this office long, for in the following year he had the good fortune to be promoted by Lord Minto to the office of Assay-master of the Mint at Calcutta. This was a position of importance, comfort, and for him almost affluence; and its duties enabled him to continue the studies, to which he was so much devoted. Sir John Malcolm writes of the marvellous *aptitude he had for the rapid acquisition of languages*

and their affinities. "He exhibited," he says, "an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connection with each other; and from that talent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the history of the East. In this curious but intricate and rugged path we cannot hope to see his equal."

He would work, no matter how prostrate he was from the effects of the climate. One day, when his life was nearly despaired of, the doctor told him he would die if he did not leave off his studies and remain quiet. "Very well, Doctor," was his reply; "you have done your duty, but you must now hear me; *I cannot be idle*, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last." Nor during the period of his hard work in India did his Muse slumber. Amongst other verses, we have some touching ones, showing how keenly the exile felt his distance from the land of his birth. In some spirited verses upon the "Death of Nelson" there occur the following vigorous lines, full of genuine poetic fire:—

"Blood of the brave, thou art not lost
Amid the waste of waters blue;
The waves that roll to Albion's coast
Shall proudly boast their sanguine hue:
And thou shalt be the vernal dew
To foster valour's daring seed;
The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed."

He never forgets to write home, and his letters to his parents continue to the last full of filial affection and respect.

In 1811 he accompanied Lord Minto in the expedition against Java ; and in a letter, which, though it contains some expressions almost of foreboding, is yet full of life and hope, he describes himself as being highly delighted at the prospect of seeing "a very curious and fine country, with which the English are very little acquainted." During a tedious voyage, the company on board the "Phoenix" had, no doubt, ample time for talk, and, as the result of some banter, two of his fellow passengers offered to wager him a sum of money that he would not climb to the top of the Royals—it having been previously arranged that on reaching the top he was to be seized and bound, and kept till he paid a fine. Reaching the top, he perceived the snare set for him. He hastily grasped a rope, and slid down by its means, cutting his hands severely. His attitude, we should think, must have afforded much amusement, but he won his bet. He would have none of the money, however, and tossed the order into the sea. During the voyage he speaks of being "very squeamish," and asserts that the "water was abominable, being the very quintessence of all the corpses in the Ganges." After a short stay in Madras, the expedition started for Java in the "Modeste" on the 24th of April. Lord Minto seems to have been much struck with him. In a letter which saw the light for the first time, some fourteen years ago, on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument to Leyden in his native village, his lordship speaks of his "stupendous" learning, his "universal" scholarship, his "minute and extensive" knowledge, which "is always in his pocket, at his finger ends, and on the tip of his tongue." "I do not believe," he goes on to say, "so great

a reader was ever so great a talker before. . . . A feature of his conversation is a shrill, piercing, and, at the same time, grating voice. A frigate is not near large enough to place the ear at the proper point of hearing. His audience is always suffering the same sort of strain which the eye experiences too near an object which it is to examine attentively." Lord Minto goes on to mention that he had not learned to speak English either in "pronunciation or idiom, though, as he uses the 'words of learned conversation,'" the defect is more conspicuous in the former. "In all these respects, he is as faithful to the 'Scenes of Infancy' as if he had never quitted Te'ot water, or seen anything more like a ship than a pair of troughs in Cocker's haugh pool. . . . It may, perhaps, be rather in written than spoken language that he is so astonishingly learned, and it may be the gift of pens rather than tongues that has fallen upon him. If he had been at Babel, he would infallibly have learned all the languages there; but, in the end, they must all have merged in the Te'otdale."

This statement is borne out by a story that is told of him by Sir John Malcolm. Sir John was most anxious that, on his arrival in Calcutta, he should make a favourable impression on the English community there. "For any sake," he says, "learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men!" "Learn English!" Leyden exclaimed. "No, never; it was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs." Lord Minto bears testimony to his wonderful knowledge of geography and philology, and concludes his letter by saying: "His pen is sober, steady, com-

eise, lucid, and well fed with useful as well as curious matter. His reasoning is just, his judgment extremely sound, and his principles always admirable. His mind is upright and independent, his character spirited and generous, with a strong leaning to the chivalrous, and in my own experience, I have never found any trace either of wrong-head, or of an impracticable or unpleasant temper."

On the 4th of August the British forces landed in Java, and on the 7th they took possession of Batavia. Here Leyden employed every moment in investigating the literature of the place. On his way to explore a library reported to contain an excellent collection of oriental manuscripts, he turned aside into a low room in the public buildings, which contained some Javanese curiosities. The place had not been aired for long, and was impregnated with poisonous effluvia. He remained here for an undue time, and seems to have hence caught a mortal fever. He was seized with sickness and shivering, and, after three days' illness, died on the 28th of August, 1811, in the thirty-sixth year of his age—an age which has proved fatal to so many sons of genius.

Short as was his residence in India, he yet accomplished much that has proved valuable to the student of its various languages. Lord Cockburn says of him that "had he been spared he would have been a star in the East of the first magnitude." Mr. William Erskine, writing some years after his death, says:—"It forms his highest and peculiar eulogium to remember that in the course of eight years' residence in India, pursued by ill health, burdened by official duties, and distracted by diversity of pursuits, he nearly effected for Asia, what

to this hour, and after the lapse of centuries, all the talents, and research, and labour, and literary quiet of all the learned men and literary bodies of Europe have but very imperfectly accomplished for that quarter of the world—a classification of its various languages and their kindred dialects.” Two volumes containing some of the fruits of his labours were published at different times after his death. “Malay Annals,” with an introduction by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, was published in 1821. This was followed in 1826 by the “Memoirs of Zehir-ed-din Mohammed Baber, Emperor of Hindostan.” Leyden left the work incomplete, but Mr. Erskine afterwards completed and published it for the benefit of his friend’s father.

Nor, amid his other work, was Leyden unmindful of the higher interests and the spiritual welfare of the people amongst whom he was settled. He did a good work in translating the Scriptures into various oriental languages, as the following sentences from the Reports and Proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society show. In the Report for 1st May, 1811, we read that Dr. Leyden, whose knowledge of the dialects is there stated to be unrivalled, “has submitted to the Corresponding Committee of Calcutta proposals for procuring versions in the following languages:—The Siamese, Macassar, Bugis, Afghan, Rakheng, Maldivian, and Jaghetai. This engagement has been fulfilled with respect to four of the proposed versions.” Before long these proposals were so far completed. A little more than a year after this, we find the following recorded in the minutes of the Corresponding Committee:—“Dr. Leyden has delivered to the Secretary the following gospels in MS.—viz., 1. Pashtu—Matthew’s Gospel; Mark’s Gospel.

2. Maldivian—the four Gospels. 3. Balloch—St. Mark's Gospel. 4. Macassar—St. Mark's Gospel. 5. Bugis—St. Mark's Gospel." It is satisfactory to think that he found time to engage in this important task. This fact has been overlooked, as already pointed out, by all his previous biographers, and there is pleasure in recording it, both for the fact itself and the light which it throws upon the deeper aspects of his character.

It will be one hundred years on the 8th of September since Leyden was born, and it is pleasing to think that one who was so remarkable for force and originality of character, who sang so sweetly, and gave such an impulse to the study of languages—a study which since his day has won such splendid conquests—is still held in affectionate remembrance by his countrymen. No one loved his native country better than he did; few had so much of the true Border spirit. He was one of those who sing because they must, and the character of his muse was moulded by the scenery of his native hills and dales. As you read his poetry, you can almost hear the murmur of his native rivers, and the sighing of the trees by their banks, so eloquent of many an old tale of love and battle. An affecting and interesting illustration is given of his Border spirit when stretched upon a sick-bed in India. It was told him that when by mistake a fire was kindled on one of the mountain beacons, as the signal of invasion, the mountaineers marched with incredible swiftness into Hawick to the notes of the slogan of the Elliots. His countenance lit up with enthusiasm, and springing from his bed with strange melody and gesticulations, the *martial spirit* of the man found expression in the words



LEYDEN'S MONUMENT AT DENHOLM.

FROM A PHOTO. BY J. Y. HUNTER, HAWICK.

of that slogan, as he shouted aloud, "Wha daur meddle wi' me, wha daur meddle wi' me?"

We are far from claiming for Leyden the highest poetic genius; but we claim for him true poetic inspiration, to which was added a true love and patriotic ardour for his native scenes, a marvellous delicacy of perception, and a sweet and tender power of expression. To him the trees by the banks of the Teviot were hung with "viewless harps," which

"Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time was young,
And those who tread with holy feet the ground
At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound:
When river breezes wave their dewy wings,
And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings."

No more attentive ear than his ever listened to the music of those viewless harps, and in his poetry and ballads we may hear its echoes. While he wrote, his heart was full of Border story, Border scenery, and also Border people.

"Careless of fame, nor fond of praise,
The simple strains spontaneous sprung;
For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,
For Border maids my songs I sung."

Discursive and unequal as his longest poem, "Scenes of Infancy," is, it is yet well worthy of perusal, not only by those who "hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream," "like music melting in a lover's dream," but by all who appreciate a faithful and loving interpretation of nature, and vigorous and musical verse.

On the green of the pretty little village of Denholm stands a tasteful monument to his memory. It bears the following inscription:—"To the Memory of the Poet and Oriental Scholar, John Leyden, whose genius, learning, and manly virtues were an honour to his country, and

shed a lustre on his native Teviotdale. This monument was erected by public subscription, A.D. 1861." This is on the north front of the monument. The south contains his name and the dates and places of his birth and death. On the east side are the following lines from his "Scenes of Infancy :"—

" Dear native valleys ! may ye long retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain !
Long mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet !
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot the peasant's chaunted psalm !"

On the remaining side are Sir Walter Scott's lines written at Corrievrekin after Leyden's death, and already quoted by us. The mute stone stands there hard by the cottage where he was born, and is eloquent not only of a great man's memory, but of the appreciation in which that memory has been held by his countrymen. But great gifts and a beautiful character cannot be confined in a monumental tomb, though every stone may have been laid by loving and admiring hands. They have a principle of undying vitality within them, and it is because the sweet strains the poet sung still continue to charm men and women, to elevate their characters and soothe their souls ; it is because the study to which he gave an impetus is advancing on its triumphal march of conquest ; it is because his character is an influence for good, and has stirred, perchance, the fires of self-sacrifice or patriotism in many hearts, that we have taken upon ourselves to draw attention to his memory, and that those who love his character and his poetry are looking forward to keeping his approaching centenary. That such a celebration *should be held* seems both right and fitting. Scotch-

men have always delighted to honour the memory of their departed worthies, and it will be an evil day for them when they cease to do so, or fail to draw fresh draughts of inspiration from the lives of men who have illuminated their native hills and straths with the light of their genius or their valour.

~~THE HISTORY OF INFANCY~~

~~THE HISTORY OF INFANCY~~

E'en as I muse, my former life returns,
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.
Like music melting in a lover's dream,
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream :*

* The river Teviot, which gives its name to the district of Teviotdale, rises in an elevated mountainous tract in the south of Scotland, from a rude rock, termed the Teviot-stone, descends through a beautiful pastoral dale, and falls into the Tweed at Kelso. The vale of the river is above thirty miles in length, and comprehends every variety of wild, the

SCENES OF INFANCY.

PART I.

Ben sanno i verdi poggi, e le sonanti
Selve romite, e l'acque
Che son le mie ricchezze inni soavi:
Alor la cetra consacrar mi piacque—

MENZINI.

SWEET scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,
When, in the soften'd light of summer skies,
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise!
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain!
I come, to trace your soothing haunts again,
To mark each grace that pleas'd my stripling prime,
By absence hallow'd and endear'd by time,
To lose amid your winding dells the past:—
Ah! must I think this lingering look the last?
Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view!
How soft ye smil'd, when Nature's charms were new!
Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,
And every opening grace had power to charm;
While as each scene in living lustre rose,
Each young emotion wak'd from soft repose.

E'en as I muse, my former life returns,
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.
Like music melting in a lover's dream,
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream:*

* The river Teviot, which gives its name to the district of Teviotdale, rises in an elevated mountainous tract in the south of Scotland, from a rude rock, termed the Teviot-stone, descends through a beautiful pastoral dale, and falls into the Tweed at Kelso. The vale of the river is above thirty miles in length, and comprehends every variety of wild, pic-

The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,
 Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky ;
 While through inverted alder boughs below
 The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

On these fair banks thine ancient bards no more,
 Enchanting stream ! their melting numbers pour ;
 But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,
 Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time was young :
 And those who tread with holy feet the ground,
 At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound ;
 When river breezes wave their dewy wings,
 And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

What earthly hand presumes, aspiring bold,
 The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,
 With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his head,
 And lead the plaintive chorus of the dead—
 He round the poplar's base shall nightly strew
 The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid blue,
 And still restrain the gaze, reverted keen,
 When round him deepen sighs from shapes unseen,
 And o'er his lonely head, like summer bees,
 The leaves self-moving tremble on the trees.

turesque, and beautiful scenery. The first part of its course is confined, and overshadowed by abrupt and savage hills, diversified with smooth green declivities, and fantastic copses of natural wood. Beneath Hawick the vale opens, and several beautiful mountain streams fall into the river. The meadow-ground becomes more extensive, and the declivities more susceptible of cultivation ; but, in the distance, dark heaths are still seen descending from the mountains, which at intervals encroach on the green banks of the river. As the stream approaches the Tweed, the scenery becomes gradually softer, and in the vicinity of Kelso rivals the beauty of an Italian landscape. The name of Teviotdale—a term of very considerable antiquity—is not confined solely to the vale of the river, but comprehends the county of Roxburgh. In ancient times its acception was still more extensive, including the tract of country which lies between the ridge of Cheviot and the banks of the Tweed. The inhabitants of this frontier-district, inured to war from their infancy, had at an early period of Scottish history attained a high military reputation ; and the term *Teviotdenses*, or men of Teviotdale, seems to have been once employed as a general epithet for the *Dalesmen* in the south of Scotland. They devoted themselves to the life of the predatory warrior and the shepherd, and the intervals of their incursions were often employed in celebrating their martial exploits. Hence, this district became the very cradle of Scottish song, in every variety of melody, from the harsh and simple, but energetic war-songs of the Liddesdale borderers, to the soft and pathetic love-strains of the banks of the Tweed. These wild, but pleasing, memorials of former times, though fading fast with every innovation of manners, still survive in the memory of the older peasants ; and a poetical description of the striking features of the country seemed naturally to demand allusions to them. These allusions would have been more frequent had not the subject received ample illustration in “*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,” the work of a much-esteemed friend.

When morn's first rays fall quivering on the strand,
Then is the time to stretch the daring hand,
And snatch it from the bending poplar pale,
The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale.

If thou, Aurelia, bless the high design,
And softly smile, that daring hand is mine !
Wild on the breeze the thrilling lyre shall fling
Melodious accents from each elfin string.
Such strains the harp of haunted Merlin threw,*
When from his dreams the mountain sprites withdrew ;

* MERLIN of Caledonia, from his habits of life named "The Wild," is said to have been one of the earliest poets of the south of Scotland, whose name is preserved by history or tradition. Several compositions, attributed to him, or relating to him, still exist in the Welsh language, and have been lately printed in "The Myvyrian Archæology of Wales." Their strain of poetry is obscure, abrupt, and wild, but often reaches sublimity and pathos. His poetical reputation seems once to have been of greater celebrity than at present. Poole, in his "English Parnassus," p. 387, denominates Homer the Grecian Merlin. His poems abound in allusions to the events of his own life, which seems to have been marked by striking vicissitudes. He flourished between the years 530 and 590. According to some accounts, he was born at Caerwerthevin, near the forest of Caledon. This is probably Carnwath, as Merlin mentions Lanerk in his poems. He studied under the famous Taliessin, and became equally illustrious as a poet and a warrior. He was present at the battle of Arderyth, Atturith, or Atterith, in 577, where he had the misfortune to slay his nephew ; and, being soon after seized with madness, he buried himself in the forests of the south of Scotland, where, in the lucid intervals of frenzy, he lamented his unhappy situation in wild pathetic strains. "I am a wild, terrible screamer : raiment covers me not : affliction wounds me not : my reason is gone with the gloomy sprites of the mountain, and I myself am sad." In his "Apple-Trees," he describes the beautiful orchard which his prince had bestowed on him as a reward of his prowess in battle. "Seven score and seven are the fragrant apple-trees, equal in age, height, and magnitude, branching wide and high as a grove of the forest, crowned with lovely foliage, growing on the sunny slope of a green hill, guarded by a lovely nymph with pearly teeth." The recollection of this gift is excited by the view of an apple-tree, under which he appears to have rested during his frenzy. He describes it as a majestic tree, loaded with the sweetest fruit, growing in the sequestered recesses of the forest of Caledon, shading all, itself unshaded. With the recollection of his former situation returns his regret ; and he complains to his lonely apple-tree that he is hated by the warriors, and despised by the snowy swans of the Britons, who would formerly have wished to have reclined, like the harp, in his arms. Then, in a bold prophetic strain, he announces the return of Modred, and Arthur, monarch of the martial host. "Again shall they rush to the battle of Camlan. Two days swells the sound of the conflict, and only seven escape from the slaughter." Arderyz, Atterith, or Atturith, the scene of the great battle, in which Merlin wore the golden torques, or chain of honour, is probably Ettrick. Fordun places the scene of the contest between the Liddel and Carwanolow (L. III. c. 31, ed. Bower, p. 136.) The celebrated Camlan may probably have been fought in the vicinity of Falkirk, where Camelon, the ancient capital of the Picts, is generally placed. This position accords sufficiently well with the situation of the kingdoms of the Britons, Scots, and Picts, to be the scene of a grand battle between the northern and southern tribes.

While, trembling to the wires that warbled shrill,
 His apple blossoms wav'd along the hill.
 Hark! how the mountain echoes still retain
 The memory of the prophet's boding strain!

"Once more, begirt with many a martial peer,
 Victorious Arthur shall his standard rear,
 In ancient pomp his mailed bands display;
 While nations, wondering, mark their strange array,
 Their proud commanding port, their giant form,
 The spirit's stride, that treads the northern storm.
 Where fate invites them to the dread repast,
 Dark Cheviot's eagles swarm on every blast;
 On Camlan bursts the sword's impatient roar;
 The war-horse wades with champing hoofs in gore;
 The scythed car on grating axle rings;
 Broad o'er the field the ravens join their wings;
 Above the champions in the fateful hour
 Floats the black standard of the evil power."

Though many a wondrous tale of elder time
 Shall grace the wild traditionary rhyme,
 Yet not of warring hosts and falcion-wounds
 Again the harp of ancient minstrels sounds:
 Be mine to sing the meads, the pensile groves,
 And silver streams, which dear Aurelia loves.

From wilds of tawny heath and mosses dun,
 Through winding glens scarce pervious to the sun,
 Afraid to glitter in the noon-tide beam,
 The Teviot leads her young, sequester'd stream;
 Till, far retiring from her native rills,
 She leaves the covert of her sheltering hills,
 And, gathering wide her waters on their way,
 With foamy force emerges into day.

Where'er she sparkles o'er her silver sand,
 The daisied meads in glowing hues expand;
 Blue osiers whiten in their bending rows;
 Broad o'er the stream the pendant alder grows;

The grave of Merlin is placed by tradition at Drummelzier, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree; but his prophetic fame has now obscured his poetical reputation. The most striking incidents in the life of the Scottish Merlin, the traditions relating to him, and the prophecies which he was supposed to have uttered, were, about 1150, collected by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his "*Vita Merlini Caledonii*," a Latin poem in hexameter verse, which, in spite of the barbarism of the age, apparent in the metrical structure, as well as in the poverty and inelegance of the phraseology, displays in some passages a pleasing simplicity of description, and a selection of wild and striking images.

But, more remote, the spangled fields unfold
 Their bosoms, streaked with vegetative gold ;
 Gray downs, ascending, dimple into dales ;
 The silvery birch hangs o'er the sloping vales ;
 While, far remote, where flashing torrents shine,
 In misty verdure towers the tapering pine,
 And dusky heaths in sullen langour lie,
 Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky.

As every prospect opens on my view,
 I seem to live departed years anew ;
 When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,
 Each flower self-sown my heedless hours beguiled ;
 The wabret leaf,* that by the pathway grew,
 The wild-briar rose, of pale and blushful hue,
 The thistle's rolling wheel, of silken down,
 The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
 The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
 That, like a living pea-flower, skimm'd the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-gray stone,
 Where oft at eve I wont to muse alone,
 And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,
 To count the gems that stud the nightly sky,
 Or think, as playful fancy wander'd far,
 How sweet it were to dance from star to star !

Again I view each rude romantic glade,
 Where once with tiny steps my childhood stray'd,
 To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling brook,
 Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,

* WABRET, or WABRON, a word of Saxon origin, is the common name for the plantain-leaf in Teviotdale. It is not unknown to the elder English poets. Cutwode has introduced it in the following fanciful description of a bee going on pilgrimage :—

“He made himself a pair of holy beads :
 The fifty *aves* were of gooseberries :
 The paternosters, and the holy creeds,
 Were made of red and goodly-fair ripe cherries :
 Blessing his marigold with *ave-maries*,
 And on a staff made of a fennel-stalk
 The bead-roll hangs, whilst he along did walk :
 “And with the flower, monkshood, makes a cowl :
 And of a gray dock got himself a gown,
 And, looking like a fox or holy fool,
 He barbs his little beard, and shaves his crown ;
 And in his pilgrimage goes up and down ;
 And with a *wabret-leaf* he made a wallet,
 With scrip, to beg his crumbs, and pick his sallet.”

Cutwode's *Caltha Poetarum*, stanz. 116, 117.

Who saw her nest, close thatch'd with ceaseless toil,
At summer-eve become the woodman's spoil.

How lightly then I chas'd, from flower to flower,
The lazy bee, at noontide's languid hour,
When, pausing faint beneath the sweltering heat,
The hive could scarce their drowsy hum repeat!

Nor scenes alone with summer beauties bright,
But winter's terrors brought a wild delight,
With fringed flakes of snow, that idly sail,
And windows tinkling shrill with dancing hail;
While, as the drifting tempest darker blew,
White showers of blossoms seem'd the fields to strew.

Again, beside this silver riv'let's shore,
With green and yellow moss-flowers mottled o'er,
Beneath a shivering canopy reclin'd
Of aspen leaves, that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir,
Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,
When peers in scatter'd tufts the yellow bloom,
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'er-run;
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,
And pittering grasshoppers,* confus'dly shrill,
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.

* The *pittering grasshopper* occurs in "Oberon's Diet," a poem quoted in Poole's "English Parnassus," 1677, p. 336.

"A little mushroom table spread,
After a dance, they set on bread;
A yellow corn of parkey wheat,
With some small sandy grits to eat
His choice bits with; and in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice,
But all the while his eye was serv'd,
We cannot think his ear was starv'd,
But that there was in place to stir
His ears the *pittering grasshopper*."

This passage is taken from Herrick's "Hesperides," 1648, p. 136, but very unfaithfully. In the original author, it runs thus:—

"A little mushroom table spread,
After short prayers, they set on bread;
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit, to eat
His choice bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But, all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear was starv'd,
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen the *chirring grasshopper*."

Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie
Serenely in the green-ribb'd clover's eye,
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,
Unseen thy form, and undisturb'd thy rest!
Oft have I listening mus'd the sultry day,
And wonder'd what thy chirping song might say;
When nought was heard along the blossom'd lea,
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

Since with weak step I trac'd each rising down,
Nor dream'd of worlds beyond yon mountains brown,
These scenes have ever to my heart been dear;
But still, Aurelia! most, when thou wert near.

On Eden's banks, in pensive fit reclin'd,
Thy angel-features haunted still my mind;
And oft, when ardent fancy spurn'd control,
The living image rush'd upon my soul,
Fill'd all my heart, and mid the bustling crowd
Bade me, forgetful, muse, or think aloud;
While, as I sigh'd thy favourite scenes to view,
Each lingering hour seem'd lengthening as it flew.
As Ovid, banish'd from his favourite fair,
No gentle melting heart his grief to share,
Was wont, in plaintive accents, to deplore
Campania's scenes, along the Getic shore:
A lifeless waste, unfann'd by vernal breeze,
Where snow-flakes hung, like leaves, upon the trees:
The fur-clad savage lov'd his aspect mild,*
Kind as a father, gentle as a child,

* The following passages of Ovid's "Elegies" will elucidate this allusion. Some have supposed that the traditions of the country still preserve the memory of the illustrious exile.

"Nec sumus hic odio, nec scilicet esse meremur;
Nec cum fortuna mens quoque versa mea est.
Illa quies animo, quam tu laudare solebas,
Ille vetus solito perstat in ore pudor—
Hoc facit, ut misero faveant adsintque Tomitæ;
Hæc quoniam tellus testificanda mihi est:
Illi me, quia velle vident, discedere malunt;
Respectu cupiunt hic tamen esse sui.
Nec mihi credideris: extant decreta quibus nos
Laudat, et immunes publica cera facit:
Conveniens miseris hæc quamquam gloria non est,
Proxima dant nobis oppida munus idem."

De Ponto, Lib. IV. Eleg. 9.

"Ah pudet, et Getico scripsi sermone libellum,
Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis;
Et placui, gratare mihi, cœpique poetæ
Inter inhumanos nomen habere Getæ."

And though they pitied, still they bless'd the doom,
That bade the Getæ hear the songs of Rome.

Sweet scenes, conjoined with all that most endears
The cloudless morning of my tender years!
With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,
And wondering feel myself the child no more:
Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same;—
But sad the tear which lost affections claim.

Aurelia! mark yon silver clouds unroll'd,
Where far in ether hangs each shining fold,
That on the breezy billow idly sleeps,
Or climbs ambitious up the azure steeps!
Their snowy ridges seem to heave and swell
With airy domes, where parted spirits dwell;
Untainted souls, from this terrestrial mould
Who fled, before the priest their names had told.

On such an eve as this, so mild and clear,
I follow'd to the grave a sister's bier.
As sad, by Teviot, I retir'd alone,
The setting sun with silent splendour shone;
Sublime emotions reach'd my purer mind;
The fear of death, the world was left behind.
I saw the thin-spread clouds of summer lie,
Like shadows, on the soft cerulean sky:
As each its silver bosom seem'd to bend,
Rapt fancy heard an angel-voice descend,
Melodious as the strain which floats on high,
To soothe the sleep of blameless infancy;
While, soft and slow, aerial music flow'd,
To hail the parted spirit on its road.
"To realms of purer light," it seem'd to say,
"Thyself as pure, fair sufferer! come away!
The moon, whose silver beams are bath'd in dew,
Sleeps on her mid-way cloud of softest blue;
Her watery light that trembles on the tree,
Shall safely lead thy viewless steps to me."
As o'er my heart the sweet illusions stole,
A wilder influence charm'd and aw'd my soul;
Each graceful form that vernal nature wore
Rous'd keen sensations, never felt before;

*Materiam quæris? laudes de Cesare dixi:
Adjuta est novitas numine nostra Dei—
Hæc ubi non patria perlegi scripta Camena,
Venit et ad digitos ultima charta meos,
Et caput et plenas omnes movere pharetras,
Et longum Getico murmur in ore fuit."*

The woodland's sombre shade, that peasants fear,
 The haunted mountain-streams that murmur'd near;
 The antique tomb-stone, and the churchyard green,
 Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen.
 Oft when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
 I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
 Heard, on the breeze, the wandering spirits sigh,
 Or airy skirts unseen that rustled by.
 The lyre of woe, that oft had sooth'd my pain,
 Soon learn'd to breathe a more heroic strain,
 And bade the weeping birch her branches wave
 In mournful murmurs o'er the warrior's grave.

Where rising Teviot joins the Frostylee,
 Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree.
 No verdant wood-bine wreaths their age adorn;
 Bare are the boughs, the gnarled roots upturn.
 Here shone no sun-beam, fell no summer dew,
 Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,
 Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied,*
 True to his country, as a traitor died.

Yon mouldering cairns, by ancient hunters plac'd,
 Where blends the meadow with the marshy waste,
 Mark where the gallant warriors lie:—but long
 Their fame shall flourish in the Scotian song;
 The Scotian song, whose deep impulsive tones
 Each thrilling fibre, true to passion, owns,

* The song of "Johnnie Armstrong" is still universally popular on the Scottish Border, and was so great a favourite among the inhabitants of the northern counties of England, that the residence of the hero was transferred from the higher Teviotdale to Westmoreland, as in the beginning of the well-known English ballad,

"Is there ever a man in *Westmoreland*."

This famous Border warrior was brother of the chief of the Armstrongs, once a powerful clan on the Scottish March. He resided at Gilnockie, the ruins of which are still to be seen at the Hollows, a beautiful romantic scene, a few miles from Langholm. By his power, or his depredations, having incurred the animosity and jealousy of some of the powerful nobles at the court of James V., he was enticed to the camp of that prince during a rapid expedition to the Border in May, 1531, and hanged, with all his retinue, on growing trees, at Carlenrig chapel, about ten miles above Hawick. The graves of Armstrong and his company are still shown in a deserted churchyard in its vicinity. The Borderers, especially the clan of the Armstrongs, reprobated this act of severity, and narrated his fate in a beautiful dirge, which exhibits many traces of pure natural feeling, while it is highly descriptive of the manners of the time. It is still a current tradition that the trees on which he and his men were hanged were immediately blasted, and withered away. His spirited expostulation with the Scottish king is genuine history, being related by Lindsay of Pech-cottie.—*Vide* "Scott's Poetical Works," vol. i, p. 392.

When, soft as gales o'er summer seas that blow,
The plaintive music warbles love-lorn woe,
Or, wild and loud, the fierce exulting strain
Swells its bold notes triumphant o'er the slain.

Such themes inspire the Border shepherd's tale,
When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful gale,
And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
As by red ember-light the damsels spin:
Each chaunts, by turns, the song his soul approves,
Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,
In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,
With tales of ghosts that haunt unballow'd ground;
While, narrowing still, the circle closes round,
Till, shrinking pale from nameless shapes of fear,
Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear.

What minstrel wrought these lays of magic power,
A swain once taught me in his summer bower,
As, round his knees, in playful age I hung,
And eager listen'd to the lays he sung.

Where Bortha* hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,

* Bortha, the rivulet Borthwick, which falls into the Teviot a little above Hawick. The vale was formerly inhabited by a race of SCOTTS, retainers of the powerful family of Harden, famed in Border history for the extent of their depredations. The lands they possessed were chiefly overgrown with heath, and were well described by that couplet, in which Scott of Satchells, in his "History of the Name of Scott," characterises the territories of Buccleugh:—

"Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
Buccleugh had had a noble grist."

Tradition relates that, amid the plunder of household furniture hastily carried off by them in one of their predatory incursions, a child was found enveloped in the heap, who was adopted into the clan, and fostered by Mary Scott, commonly known by the epithet of the "Flower of Yarrow," who married the celebrated Wat, or Walter, of Harden, about the latter part of the sixteenth century. This child of fortune became afterwards celebrated as a poet, and is said to have composed many of the popular songs of the Border; but tradition has not preserved his name. It is curious that a similar tradition exists among the Macgregors; in one of whose predatory incursions into Lennox, a child in a cradle was carried off among the plunder. He was, in like manner, adopted into the clan; and, on the proscription of the Macgregors, composed many pathetic songs in which he lamented their fall. The greater part of these still exist, and might perhaps throw some light on that horrid transaction; but a history of the Highland clans, illustrated by authenticated facts and traditional poetry, is still a desideratum in Scottish literature.

Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale ;
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The SCOTT, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain home ;—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain ;
But, what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest moon shone cold and bright ;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night ;
And, as the massive portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her lattic'd hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall ?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who through the gloom
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound ;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew :
Scar'd at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung ;
While beauteous Mary sooth'd, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor lov'd the scenes that scar'd his infant view.
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war ;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He liv'd, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier ;
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom :
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Say'd other names, and left his own unsung.

Nurs'd in these wilds, a lover of the plains,
I sing, like him, the joys of inland swains,
Who climb their loftiest mountain peaks, to view,
From far, the cloud-like waste of ocean blue.
But not, like his, with unperceiv'd decay,
My days in fancy's dreams shall melt away ;

For soon yon sun, that here so softly gleams,
 Shall see me tossing on the ocean streams.
 Yet still 'tis sweet to trace each youthful scene,
 And conjure up the days which might have been,
 Live o'er the fancied suns which ne'er shall roll,
 And woo the charm of song to soothe my soul,
 Paint the fair scenes which charm'd when life began,
 And in the infant stamp'd the future man.

From yon green peak black haunted Slata* brings
 The gushing torrents of unfathom'd springs:
 In a dead lake, that ever seems to freeze,
 By sedge inclos'd from every ruffling breeze,
 The fountains lie; and shuddering peasants shrink
 To plunge the stone within the fearful brink:
 For here, 'tis said, the fairy hosts convene,
 With noisy talk, and bustling steps unseen;
 The hill resounds with strange, unearthly cries;
 And moaning voices from the waters rise.
 Here oft, in sweetest sounds, is heard the chime
 Of bells unholy from the fairy clime;
 The tepid gales, that in these regions blow,
 Oft, on the brink, dissolve the mountain snow;
 Around the deep that seeks the downward sky,
 In mazes green the haunted ringlets lie.
 Woe to the upland swain who, wandering far,
 The circle treads, beneath the evening star!
 His feet the witch grass green impels to run
 Full on the dark descent he strives to shun;

* Slata is the Slitrig, which rises on the skirts of Wineburgh, runs through a wild romantic district, and falls into the Teviot at Hawick. Wineburgh, from which it derives its source, is a green hill of considerable height, regarded by the peasants as a resort of the fairies, the sound of whose revels is said to be often heard by the shepherd, while he is unable to see them. On its top is a small, deep, and black lake, believed by the peasants to be bottomless; to disturb the waters of which, by throwing stones into it, is reckoned offensive to the spirits of the mountain. Tradition relates that, about the middle of last century, a stone having been inadvertently cast into it by a shepherd, a deluge of water burst suddenly from the hill, swelled the rivulet Slitrig, and inundated the town of Hawick. However fabulous be this assigned cause of the inundation, the fact of the inundation itself is ascertained, and was probably the consequence of the bursting of a waterspout on the hill of Wineburgh. Lakes and pits on the tops of mountains are regarded in the Border with a degree of superstitious horror as the porches or entrances of the subterraneous habitations of the fairies; from which confused murmurs, the cries of children, moaning voices, the ringing of bells, and the sounds of musical instruments are often supposed to be heard. Round these hills the green fairy circles are believed to wind in a spiral direction, till they reach the descent to the central cavern; so that if the unwary traveller be benighted on the charmed ground, he is inevitably conducted by an invisible power to the fearful descent.

Till, on the giddy brink, o'erpower'd by charms,
 The fairies clasp him in unhallow'd arms,
 Doom'd, with the crew of restless foot, to stray
 The earth by night, the nether realms by day ;
 Till seven long years their dangerous circuit run,
 And call the wretch to view this upper sun.
 Nor long the time, if village saws be true,
 Since in the deep a hardy peasant threw
 A ponderous stone ; when, murmuring from below,
 With gushing sound he heard the lake o'erflow.
 The mighty torrent, foaming down the hills,
 Call'd, with strong voice, on all her subject rills ;
 Rocks drove on jagged rocks with thundering sound,
 And the red waves impatient rent their mound ;
 On Hawick burst the flood's resistless sway,
 Plough'd the pav'd streets, and tore the walls away,
 Floated high roofs, from whelming fabrics torn ;
 While pillar'd arches down the wave were borne.

Boast ! Hawick,* boast ! Thy structures rear'd in blood,
 Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood,
 Still doom'd to prosper, since, on Flodden's field,
 Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield,
 Fell with their martial king, and (glorious boast !)
 Gain'd proud renown where Scotia's fame was lost.

Between red ezlar banks, that frightful scowl,
 Fring'd with gray hazel, roars the mining Roull ;
 Where Turnbull† once, a race no power could awe,
 Lin'd the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw.
 Bold was the chief, from whom their line they drew,
 Whose nervous arm the furious bison slew ;

* Few towns in Scotland have been so frequently subjected to the ravages of war as Hawick. Its inhabitants were famous for their military prowess. At the fatal battle of Flodden they were nearly exterminated ; but the survivors gallantly rescued their standard from the disaster of the day.

† The valley of the Roul, or Rule, was till a late period chiefly inhabited by the Turnbolls, descendants of a hardy, turbulent clan, that derived its name and origin from a man of enormous strength, who rescued King Robert Bruce, when hunting in the forest of Callender, from the attack of a Scottish bison. The circumstance is mentioned by Boece, in his "History of Scotland." He describes the Scottish bison as of a white colour, with a crisp and curling mane like a lion. It abhorred the sight of men, and attacked them with dreadful impetuosity ; it refused to taste the grass, for several days, that had been touched by man, and died of grief when taken and confined. Its motion was swift and bounding, resembling that of a deer, the agile make of which it combined in its form with the strength of the ox. The breed is now extinct. From this action, the name of the hero was changed from Rule to Turnbull, and he received a grant of the lands of Bedrule.

The bison, fiercest race of Scotia's breed,
 Whose bounding course outstripp'd the red deer's speed.
 By hunters chafed, encircled on the plain,
 He, frowning, shook his yellow lion mane,
 Spurn'd with black hoof, in bursting rage, the ground
 And fiercely toss'd his moony horns around.
 On Scotia's lord he rushed with lightning speed,
 Bent his strong neck, to toss the startled steed ;
 His arms robust the hardy hunter flung
 Around his bending horns, and upward wrung,
 With writhing force his neck retorted round,
 And roll'd the panting monster on the ground,
 Crush'd, with enormous strength, his bony skull ;
 And courtiers hail'd the man who *turn'd the bull*.

How wild and harsh the moorland music floats,
 When clamorous curlew scream with long-drawn notes,
 Or, faint and piteous, wailing plovers pipe,
 Or, loud and louder still, the soaring snipe !
 And here the lonely lapwing whoops along,
 That piercing shrieks her still-repeated song,
 Flaps her blue wing, displays her pointed crest,
 And cowering lures the peasant from her nest.
 But if where all her dappled treasure lies
 He bend his steps, no more she round him flies ;
 Forlorn, despairing of a mother's skill,
 Silent, and sad, she seeks the distant hill.

The tiny heath-flowers now begin to blow ;*
 The russet moor assumes a richer glow ;

* "In the deserts and moors of this realm," says Boece, "grows an herb named heather, very nutritive to beasts, birds, and especially to bees. In the month of June it produces a flower of purple hue, as sweet as honey. Of this flower the Picts made a delicious and wholesome liquor. The manner of making it has perished with the extermination of the Picts, as they never showed the craft of making it, except to their own blood." The traditions of Teviotdale add that, when the Pictish nations were exterminated, it was found that only two persons had survived the slaughter, a father and a son. They were brought before Kenneth, the conqueror, and their life was offered them, on condition the father would discover the method of making the heath-liquor. "Put this young man to death, then," said the hoary warrior. The barbarous terms were complied with ; and he was required to fulfil his engagement. "Now, put me to death, too," replied he, "You shall never know the secret. Your threats might have influenced my son, but they are lost on me." The king condemned the veteran savage to life ; and tradition further relates that his life, as the punishment of his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal existence. When some ages had passed, and the ancient Pict was blind and bed-ridden, he overheard some young men vaunting of their *feats of strength*. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to *compare the strength* of modern men with those of the times which were

The powdery bells, that glance in purple bloom,
 Fling from their scented cups a sweet perfume ;
 While from their cells, still moist with morning dew,
 The wandering wild-bee sips the honied glue :
 In wider circle wakes the liquid hum,
 And far remote the mingled murmurs come.

Where, panting, in his chequer'd plaid involv'd,
 At noon the listless shepherd lies dissolv'd,
 Mid yellow crow-bells, on the rivulet's banks,
 Where knotted rushes twist in matted ranks,
 The breeze, that trembles through the whistling bent,
 Sings in his placid ear of sweet content,
 And wanton blows, with eddies whirling weak,
 His yellow hair across his ruddy cheek.
 His is the lulling music of the rills,
 Where, drop by drop, the scanty current spills
 Its waters o'er the shelves that wind across,
 Or filters through the yellow, hairy moss.
 'Tis his, recumbent by the well-spring clear,
 When leaves are broad, and oats are in the ear,
 And marbled clouds contract the arch on high,
 To read the changes of the flecker'd sky ;
 What bodes the fiery drake at sultry noon ;
 What rains or winds attend the changing moon,
 When circles round her disc of yellowish hue
 Portentous close, while yet her horns are new ;
 Or, when the evening sky looks mild and gray,
 If crimson tints shall streak the opening day.
 Such is the science to the peasant dear,
 Which guides his labour through the varied year ;
 While he, ambitious mid his brother swains
 To shine, the pride and wonder of the plains,
 Can in the pimpernel's red-tinted flowers,
 As close their petals, read the measur'd hours,
 Or tell, as short or tall his shadow falls,
 How clicks the clock within the manse's walls.

Though with the rose's flaring crimson dye
 The heath-flower's modest blossom ne'er can vie,
 Nor to the bland caresses of the gale
 Of morn, like her, expand the purple veil ;

only talked of as a fable. They reached him a bar of iron, which he broke between his hands, saying, "You are not feeble, but you cannot be compared to the men of ancient times." Such are the romantic forms which historical facts assume after long tradition ; and such are the original materials of popular poetry.

Yet rankling thorn or venom'd canker worm
 Shall ne'er her timid, shrinking frame deform.*
 The swain, who mid her fragrance finds repose,
 Prefers her tresses to the gaudy rose,
 And bids the wild bee, her companion, come
 To sooth his slumbers with her airy hum.

Sweet, modest flower, in lonely deserts dun
 Retiring still for converse with the sun,
 Whose sweets invite the soaring lark to stoop,
 And from thy cells the honied dew-bell scoop,
 Though unobtrusive all thy beauties shine,
 Yet boast, thou rival of the purpling vine!
 For once thy mantling juice was seen to laugh
 In pearly cups, which monarchs lov'd to quaff;
 And frequent wake the wild inspired lay,
 On Teviot's hills beneath the Pictish sway;
 But since proud Kenneth crushed their ancient throne,
 The wondrous art has still remained unknown.†

When clover fields have lost their tints of green,
 And beans are full, and leaves are blanch'd and lean,
 And winter's piercing breath prepares to drain
 The thin green blood from every poplar's vein,
 How grand the scene yon russet down displays,
 While far the withering heaths with moor-burn blaze!
 The pillar'd smoke ascends with ashen gleam;
 Aloft in air the arching flashes stream;
 With rushing, crackling noise the flames aspire,
 And roll one deluge of devouring fire;
 The timid flocks shrink from the smoky heat,
 Their pasture leave, and in confusion bleat,
 With curious look the flaming billows scan,
 As whirling gales the red combustion fan.

So, when the storms through Indian forests rave,
 And bend the pliant canes in curling wave,
 Grind their silicious joints with ceaseless ire,
 Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire,
 A brazen light bedims the burning sky,
 And shuts each shrinking star's refulgent eye;
 The forest roars, where crimson surges play,
 And flash through lurid night infernal day;
 Floats far and loud the hoarse, discordant yell
 Of ravening pards, which harmless crowd the dell,

* These two lines are from the original MS. in Dr. Leyden's hand-writing, now in possession of the family of the late Rev. James Morton.

† This couplet is given from the original MS.

While boa-snakes to wet savannahs trail,
Awkward, a lingering, lazy length of tail;
The barbarous tiger whets his fangs no more,
To lap with torturing pause his victim's gore;
Curb'd of their rage, hyenas gaunt are tame,
And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

But, far remote, ye careful shepherds! lead
Your wanton flocks to pasture on the mead,
While from the flame the bladed grass is young,
Nor crop the slender spikes that scarce have sprung;
Else, your brown heaths to sterile wastes you doom,
While frisking lambs regret the heath-flower's bloom.
And ah! when smiles the day, and fields are fair,
Let the black smoke ne'er clog the burthen'd air!
Or soon, too soon, the transient smile shall fly,
And chilling mildews ripen in the sky,
The heartless flocks shrink shivering from the cold,
Reject the fields, and linger in the fold.

Lo! in the vales, where wandering riv'lets run,
The fleecy mists shine gilded in the sun,
Spread their loose folds, till now the lagging gale,
Unfurls no more its lightly skimming sail,
But through the hoary flakes, that fall like snow,
Gleams in ethereal hue the watery bow.
'Tis ancient Silence, robed in thistle-down,
Whose snowy locks its fairy circles crown;
His vesture moves not, as he hovers lone,
While curling fogs compose his airy throne;
Serenely still, self-pois'd he rests on high,
And soothes each infant breeze that fans the sky.
The mists ascend;—the mountains scarce are free,
Like islands floating in a billowy sea;
While on their chalky summits glimmering dance
The sun's last rays, across the gray expanse;
As sink the hills in waves, that round them grow,
The hoary surges scale the cliff's tall brow;
The fleecy billows o'er its head are hurl'd,
As ocean once embraced the prostrate world.

So, round Caffraria's cape, the polar storm
Collects black spiry clouds of dragon form:
Flash livid lightnings o'er the blackening deep,
Whose mountain waves in silent horror sleep;
The sanguine sun, again emerging bright,
Darts through the clouds long watery lines of light;
The deep, congeal'd to lead, now heaves again,
While foamy surges furrow all the main;

Broad shallows whiten in tremendous row ;
Deep gurgling murmurs echo from below ;
And, o'er each coral reef, the billows come and go

Oft have I wander'd in my vernal years
Where Ruberslaw his misty summit rears,
And as the fleecy surges closed amain,
To gain the top have traced that shelving lane,
Where every shallow stripe of level green,
That winding runs the shatter'd crags between,
Is rudely notch'd across the grassy rind
In awkward letters by the rural hind.
When fond and faithful swains assemble gay,
To meet their loves on rural holiday,
The trace of each obscure, decaying name
Of some fond pair records the secret flame.
And here the village maiden bends her way,
When vows are broke, and fading charms decay,
Sings her soft sorrow to the mountain gale,
And weeps, that love's delusions e'er should fail.
Here, too, the youthful widow comes, to clear
From weeds a name to fond affection dear :
She pares the sod, with bursting heart, and cries,
"The hand that trac'd it, in the cold grave lies!"

Ah! dear Aurelia! when this arm shall guide
Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,
When I to pine in eastern realms have gone,
And years have passed, and thou remain'st alone,
Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful flame,
Regard the turf where first I carved thy name,
And think thy wanderer, far beyond the sea,
False to his heart, was ever true to thee?
Why bend, so sad, that kind, regretful view,
As every moment were my last adieu?
Ah! spare that tearful look, 'tis death to see,
Nor break the tortured heart that bleeds for thee!
That snowy cheek, that moist and gelid brow,
Those quivering lips, that breathe the unfinish'd vow,
These eyes, that still with dimming tears o'erflow,
Will haunt me, when thou canst not see my woe.
Not yet, with fond but self-accusing pain,
Mine eyes, reverted, linger o'er the main ;
But, sad, as he that dies in early spring,
When flowers begin to blow, and larks to sing,
When Nature's joy a moment warms his heart,
And makes it doubly hard with life to part,
I hear the whispers of the dancing gale,
And fearful listen for the flapping sail,

Seek in these natal shades a short relief,
And steal a pleasure from maturing grief.

Yes! in these shades, this fond, adoring mind
Had hoped in thee a dearer self to find,
Still from thy form some lurking grace to glean,
And wonder it so long remain'd unseen;
Hoped, those seducing graces might impart
Their native sweetness to this sterner heart,
While those dear eyes, in pearly light that shine,
Fond thought! should borrow manlier beams from mine.
Ah! fruitless hope of bliss, that ne'er shall be!
Shall but this lonely heart survive to me?
No! in the temple of my purer mind
Thine imag'd form shall ever live enshrin'd,
And hear the vows, to first affection due,
Still breath'd—for love that ceases ne'er was true.

PART II.

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;—
I write of groves, of twilight; and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy King:
I write of youth, of love, &c.

HERRICK'S HESPERIDES.

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STAR of the mead! sweet daughter of the day,  
Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,  
From thy moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold  
To kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold!  
Sweet daisy, flower of love! when birds are pair'd,  
'Tis sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,  
Smiling in virgin innocence, serene,  
Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.  
The lark, with sparkling eye and rustling wing,  
Rejoins his widow'd mate in early spring,  
And, as he prunes his plumes of russet hue,  
Swears on thy maiden blossom to be true.

When May-day comes, the morning of the year,  
And from young April dries the gelid tear,  
When as the verdure spreads, the bird is seen  
No more, that sings amid the hawthorns green,  
In lovelier tints thy swelling blossoms blow,  
The leaflets red between the leaves of snow.  
The damsel now, whose love-awaken'd mind  
First hopes to leave her infancy behind,  
Glides o'er the untrodden mead at dawning hour,  
To seek the matin dew of mystic power,  
Bends o'er the mirror stream with blushful air,  
And weaves thy modest flower amid her hair.

*Oft have I watch'd thy closing buds at eve,  
Which for the parting sunbeams seem'd to grieve,*

And, when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,  
 Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again:  
 Nor he, who sung, "Thy daisy is so sweet,"\*  
 More dearly lov'd thy pearly form to greet;  
 When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,  
 And dames at tourneys shone with daisies crown'd,  
 And fays forsook the purer fields above,  
 To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

Ne'er have I chanc'd upon the moonlight green  
 In May's sweet month, to see the daisy queen,  
 With all her train in emerald vest array'd;  
 As Chaucer once the radiant show survey'd—  
 Graceful and slow advanc'd the stately fair;  
 A sparkling fillet bound her golden hair;  
 With snowy florouns was her chaplet set,  
 Where living rubies rais'd each curious fret,  
 Sweet as the daisy, in her vernal pride;  
 The god of love attendant by her side;  
 His silken vest was purpled o'er with green,  
 And crimson rose leaves wrought the sprigs between;  
 His diadem, a topaz, beam'd so bright,  
 The moon was dazzled with its purer light.

This Chaucer saw; but fancy's power denies  
 Such splendid visions to our feeble eyes:  
 Yet sure, with nymphs as fair, by Teviot's strand,  
 I oft have roam'd, to see the flower expand;  
 When, like the daisy-nymph, above the rest  
 Aurelia's peerless beauty shone confest.  
 Lightly we danc'd in many a frolic ring,  
 And welcom'd May with every flower of spring:  
 Each smile, that sparkled in her artless eye,  
 Nor own'd her passion, nor could quite deny;  
 As blithe I bathed her flushing cheek with dew,  
 And, on the daisy, swore to love her true.

Still, in these meads, beside the daisy flower,  
 I love to see the spiky rye-grass tower;  
 While o'er the folding swathes the mowers bend,  
 And sharpening scythes their grating echoes send

\* Few of our English poets have celebrated the daisy so much as Chaucer, who lost no opportunity of singing its praise. In the days of chivalry, the daisy was the emblem of fidelity in love, and was frequently borne at tournaments both by ladies and knights. Alceste was supposed to have been metamorphosed into this flower, and was therefore reckoned "the daisy-queen." Chaucer beautifully describes the procession of the daisy-queen and her nymphs with the god of love, in the prologue to his "*Legend of Good Women*."

Far o'er the thymy fields. With frequent pause,  
His sweepy stroke the lusty mower draws,  
Impels the circling blade with sounding sway,  
Nods to the maids that spread the winnowing bay,  
Draws from the grass the wild bee's honied nest,  
And hands to her he prizes o'er the rest.

Again the ruthless weapon sweeps the ground;  
And the gray corn-craik trembles at the sound.\*  
Her callow brood around her cowering cling—  
She braves its edge—she mourns her sever'd wing.  
Oft had she taught them with a mother's love  
To note the pouncing merlin from the dove,  
The slowly floating buzzard's eye to shun,  
As o'er the mead he hovers in the sun,  
The weazel's sly imposture to prevent,  
And mark the martin by his musky scent:—  
Ah! fruitless skill, which taught her not to scan  
The scythe afar, and ruthless arm of man!  
In vain her mate, as evening shadows fall,  
Shall lingering wait for her accustom'd call;  
The shepherd boys shall oft her loss deplore,  
That mock'd her notes beside the cottage door.

The noon-breeze pauses now, that lightly blew;  
The brooding sky assumes a darker hue;  
Blue watery streaks, diverging, downwards run,  
Like rays of darkness, from the lurid sun;  
The shuddering leaves of fern are trembling still;  
A horrid stillness creeps from hill to hill;  
A conscious tremor Nature seems to feel,  
And silent waits the thunder's awful peal.  
The veil is burst;—the brazen concave rends  
Its fiery arch;—one lurid stream descends.  
Hark! from yon beetling cliff, whose summit rude,  
Projecting, nods above the hanging wood,  
Rent from its solid base, with crashing sound,  
Downward it rolls, and ploughs the shelving ground.  
The peasants, awe-struck, bend with reverent air,  
And, pausing, leave the half-completed prayer;  
Then, as the thunder distant rolls away,  
And yellow sunbeams swim through drizzly spray,  
Begin to talk, what woes the rock portends,  
Which from its jutting base the lightning rends:  
Then circles many a legendary tale  
Of Douglas' race, foredoom'd without a male

\* *The Corneraik* is a provincial term, by which the Rail is denominated in many parts of England and Scotland.

To fade, unblest'd, since on the churchyard green,  
 Its lord o'erthrew the spires of Hazeldean;\*  
 For sacred ruins long respect demand,  
 And curses light on the destroyer's hand.

Green Cavers, hallow'd by the Douglas name,  
 Tower from thy woods! assert thy former fame!  
 Hoist the broad standard of thy peerless line,  
 Till Percy's Norman banner bow to thine!  
 The hoary oaks, that round thy turrets stand—  
 Hark! how they boast each mighty planter's hand!  
 Lords of the Border! where their pennons flew,†  
 Mere mortal might could ne'er their arms subdue:  
 Their sword, the scythe of ruin, mow'd a host;  
 Nor Death a triumph o'er the line could boast.

Where rolls o'er Otter's dales the surge of war,‡  
 One mighty beacon blazes, vast and far.  
 The Norman archers round their chieftain flock;  
 The Percy hurries to the spearmen's shock:  
 "Raise, minstrels! raise the pealing notes of war!  
 Shoot, till broad arrows dim each shrinking star!  
 Beam o'er our deeds, fair sun! thy golden light;  
 Nor be the warrior's glory lost in night!"  
 In vain!—his standards sink!—his squadrons yield;—  
 His bowmen fly:—a dead man gains the field.

The song of triumph Teviot's maids prepare—  
 Oh, where is he? the victor Douglas, where?  
 Beneath the circling fern he bows his head,  
 That weaves a wreath of triumph o'er the dead.  
 His valiant friends, beside the briary rose,  
 The grave of green turf o'er the hero close,  
 That ne'er an English tongue, with pride, may tell  
 That, here, the flower of Scotia's warriors fell.

\* Hazeldean—or, more correctly, Hassendean, anciently Hastandean—was the name of an ancient church, on the river Teviot, long since defaced by a branch of the family of Douglas; which supposed sacrilege, popular superstition imagined, could be expiated only by the extinction of the male line of the family. A reverence for places of worship, scarcely consistent with the simplicity of the Presbyterian forms of religion, prevails in the south of Scotland. An engraving of the ruins, as they existed in 1788, is given in Cardonnel's "Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland."

† The pennon of Percy, gained in single combat at Newcastle by Douglas before the battle of Otterburn, is still preserved by Douglas of Cavers, the lineal descendant of the chieftain by whom the battle was won.

‡ The battle of Otterburn was precipitated by the gallant Percy, that he might not be counted by Douglas a recreant knight, for the breach of his promise to fight him on the third day. For his speech, on receiving the message which announced the approach of the army of York, see the ancient heroic ballad of "The Battle of Otterburn."



In lines of crystal shine the wandering rills  
Down the green slopes of Minto's sun-bright hills,  
Whose castled crags, in hoary pomp sublime,  
Ascend, the ruins of primeval time.  
The peasants, lingering in the vales below,  
See their white peaks with purple radiance glow,  
When setting sunbeams on the mountains dance,  
Fade, and return to steal a parting glance.

So when the hardy chamois-hunters pass  
O'er mounds of crusted snows and seas of glass,  
Where, far above our living atmosphere,  
The desert rocks their crystal summits rear,  
Bright on their sides the silver sunbeams play,  
Beyond the rise of morn and close of day :  
O'er icy cliffs the hunters oft incline,  
To watch the rays that far through darkness shine,  
And, as they gaze, the fairy radiance deem  
Some Alpine carbuncle's enchanted gleam,

Mark, in yon vale, a solitary stone,  
Shunn'd by the swain, with loathesome weeds o'ergrown !  
The yellow stone-crop shoots from every pore,  
With scaly, sapless lichens crusted o'er :  
Beneath the base, where starving hemlocks creep,  
The yellow pestilence is buried deep,\*

\* Tradition still records, with many circumstances of horror, the ravages of the pestilence in Scotland. According to some accounts, gold seems to have had a kind of chemical attraction for the matter of infection, and it is frequently represented as concentrating its virulence in a pot of gold. According to others, it seems to have been regarded as a kind of spirit or monster, like the cockatrice, which it was deadly to look on, and is sometimes termed "THE BAD YELLOW." Adomnan, in his "Life of St Columba," relates that the Picts and Scots of Britain were the only nations that escaped the ravages of the pestilence which desolated Europe in the seventh century. Wyntown relates that Scotland was first afflicted with this formidable epidemic in 1349.

"In Scotland, the first pestilence  
Began, of so great violence,  
That it was said, of living men  
The third part it destroyed then ;  
After that, intill Scotland  
A year or more it was *wedand* ;  
Before that time was never seen  
A pestilence in our land so keen.  
Both men, and bairns, and women  
It spared not for to kill then."

*Wyntown's Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 271.

[ *Wedand*, raging, or perhaps weeding—i.e., thinning the people.]

In numerous places of Scotland, the peasants point out large flat stones, under which they suppose the pestilence to be buried, and which they are *anxious not to raise*, lest it should emerge, and again contaminate the atmosphere. The Bass of Inverury, an earthen mount, about 200 feet

Where first its course, as aged swains have told,  
It stay'd, concenter'd in a vase of gold.

Here oft, at sunny noon, the peasants pause,  
While many a tale their mute attention draws;  
And, as the younger swains, with active feet,  
Pace the loose weeds, and the flat tombstone mete,  
What curse shall seize the guilty wretch they tell,  
Who drags the monster from his midnight cell,  
And, smit by love of all-alluring gold,  
Presumes to stir the deadly, tainted mould.

From climes where noxious exhalations steam  
O'er aguey flats, by Nile's redundant stream,  
It came.—The mildew'd cloud, of yellow hue,  
Drops from its putrid wings the blistering dew.  
The peasants mark the strange discolour'd air,  
And from their homes retreat in wild despair;  
Each friend they seek, their hapless fate to tell;—  
But hostile lances still their flight repel.  
Ah! vainly wise, who soon must join the train,  
To seek the help your friends implored in vain!  
To heaths and swamps the cultured field returns;  
Unheard-of deeds retiring virtue mourns:  
For, mix'd with fell diseases, o'er the clime  
Rain the foul seeds of every baleful crime;  
Fearless of fate, devoid of future dread,  
Pale wretches rob the dying and the dead:  
The sooty raven, as he flutters by,  
Avoids the heaps where naked corpses lie;  
The prowling wolves, that round the hamlet swarm,  
Tear the young babe from the frail mother's arm;  
Full gorged the monster, in the desert bred,  
Howls long and dreary o'er the unburied dead.

high, is said by tradition to have been once a castle, which was walled up and covered with earth, because the inhabitants were infected with the plague. It stands on the banks of the Ury, against which stream it is defended by buttresses, built by the inhabitants of Inverury, who were alarmed by a prophecy ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, and preserved by tradition.

“Dee and Don, they shall run on,  
And Tweed shall run, and Tay;  
And the bonny water of Ury  
Shall bear the Bass away.”

The inhabitants of Inverury sagaciously concluded that this prediction could not be accomplished without releasing the imprisoned pestilence, and, to guard against this fatal event, they raised ramparts against the encroachments of the stream.

Two beauteous maids the dire infection shun,\*  
 Where Dena's valley fronts the southern sun;  
 While friendship sweet, and love's delightful power,  
 With fern and rushes thatch'd their summer bower.  
 When spring invites the sister friends to stray,  
 One graceful youth, companion of their way,  
 Bars their retreat from each obtrusive eye,  
 And bids the lonely hours unheeded fly;  
 Leads their light steps beneath the hazel spray,  
 Where moss-lined boughs exclude the blaze of day,  
 And ancient rowans mix their berries red  
 With nuts, that cluster brown above their head.  
 He, mid the writhing roots of elms, that lean  
 O'er oozy rocks of ezlar, shagg'd and green,  
 Collects pale cowslips for the faithful pair,  
 And braids the chaplet round their flowing hair,  
 And for the lovely maids alternate burns,  
 As love and friendship take their sway by turns.  
 Ah! hapless day, that from this blest retreat  
 Lured to the town his slow, unwilling feet!  
 Yet, soon return'd, he seeks the green recess,  
 Wraps the dear rivals in a fond caress;  
 As heaving bosoms own responsive bliss,  
 He breathes infection in one melting kiss;  
 Their languid limbs he bears to Dena's strand,  
 Chafes each soft temple with his burning hand.  
 Their cheeks to his the grateful virgins raise,  
 And fondly bless him, as their life decays;  
 While o'er their forms he bends with tearful eye,  
 And only lives to hear their latest sigh.

\* This traditional story, which is nearly the same as that on which Ramsay's ballad of "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" is founded, is common to various parts of Scotland. The scene of the catastrophe of the lovers, celebrated in the popular song, is referred by local tradition to a valley in the vicinity of Logie Almond. The Border tradition relates that two young ladies, of great beauty and accomplishments, entertained an extraordinary friendship for each other; a friendship so uncommon, indeed, that it continued unimpaired even by the unexpected circumstance of finding themselves rivals for the affection of a young man, with whom both had lived in habits of intimacy. During the ravages of the pestilence they retired to a sequestered glen, where they inhabited a cottage, without informing any person of the place of their retreat. Their lover, whose affection was so equally attracted by the fair rivals that he could form no decision of preference, at last discovered their recess. On inquiring concerning their manner of life in this solitary situation, he found that, not daring to visit places of public resort, they had been under the necessity of subsisting chiefly on snails; and with surprise, he perceived that they looked more beautiful than ever. Unwilling, however, that they should subsist on such diet, he ventured to visit the nearest town to procure them provisions. There he unfortunately caught the pestilence, which he communicated to his fair friends, who fell, with their lover, victims of the contagion.

A veil of leaves the redbreast o'er them threw,  
 Ere thrice their locks were wet with evening dew.  
 There the blue ring-dove coos with ruffling wing,  
 And sweeter there the throstle loves to sing;  
 The woodlark breathes in softer strain the vow;  
 And love's soft burthen floats from bough to bough.

But thou, sweet minstrel of the twilight vale!  
 Oh! where art thou, melodious nightingale?\*

On their green graves shall still the moonbeams shine,  
 And see them mourn'd by every song but thine?  
 That song, whose lapsing tones so sweetly float,  
 That love-sick maidens sigh at every note!

Oh! by the purple rose of Persia's plain,  
 Whose opening petals greet thine evening strain,  
 Whose fragrant odours oft thy song arrest,  
 And call the warbler to her glowing breast,—  
 Let pity claim thy love-devoted lay,  
 And wing, at last, to Dena's vale thy way!

Sweet bird! how long shall Teviot's maids deplore  
 Thy song, unheard along her woodland shore?  
 In southern groves thou charm'st the starry night,  
 Till darkness seems more lovely far than light;  
 But still, when vernal April wakes the year,  
 Nought save the echo of thy song we hear.  
 The lover, lingering by some ancient pile,  
 When moonlight meads in dewy radiance smile,  
 Starts at each woodnote, wandering through the dale,  
 And fondly hopes he hears the nightingale.  
 Oh! if those tones, of soft enchanting swell,  
 Be more than dreams, which fabling poets tell;  
 If e'er thy notes have charm'd away the tear  
 From beauty's eye, or mourn'd o'er beauty's bier;  
 Waste not the softness of thy notes in vain,  
 But pour in Dena's vale thy sweetest strain!

Dena! when sinks at noon the summer breeze,  
 And moveless falls the shadework of the trees,  
 Bright in the sun thy glossy beeches shine,  
 And only Ancrum's groves can vie with thine;†

\* It is an unlucky circumstance for the Scottish poet that the nightingale has never ventured to visit the north side of the Tweed. Douglas and Dunbar, in their descriptive poems, often allude to her song; but it is more probable that they adorned their verses with the graces of fiction, than that the nightingale at that early period was naturalised in Scotland.

† The domain of Ancrum belonged to the Knights Templars before the abolition of that order.

Where Ala, bursting from her moorish springs,  
O'er many a cliff her smoking torrent flings,  
And broad, from bank to bank, the shadows fall  
From every Gothic turret's mouldering wall,  
Each ivied spire, and sculpture-fretted court;  
Where plummy templars held their gay resort,  
Spread their cross-banners in the sun to shine,  
And call'd green Teviot's youth to Palestine.

Sad is the wail that floats o'er Alemoor's lake,\*  
And nightly bids her gulfs unbottom'd quake,  
While moonbeams, sailing o'er her waters blue,  
Reveal the frequent tinge of blood-red hue.  
The water-birds with shrill discordant scream  
Oft rouse the peasant from his tranquil dream:  
He dreads to raise his slow unclosing eye,  
And thinks he hears an infant's feeble cry.  
The timid mother, clasping to her breast  
Her starting child, by closer arms carest,  
Hushes with soothing voice his murmuring wail,  
And sighs to think of poor Eugenia's tale.

By alders circled, near the haunted flood,  
A lonely pile, Eugenia's dwelling, stood;  
Green woodbine wander'd o'er each mossy tower,  
The scented apple spread its painted flower;  
The flower, that in its lonely sweetness smiled,  
And seem'd to say, "I grew not always wild!"  
In this retreat, by memory's charm endear'd,  
Her lovely boy the fair Eugenia rear'd,  
Taught young affection every fondling wile,  
And smiled herself to see her infant smile.

But when the lisping prattler learn'd to frame  
His faltering accents to his father's name,—  
That hardy knight, who first from Teviot bore  
The crosier'd shield to Syria's palmy shore,—  
Oft to the lake she led her darling boy,  
Mark'd his light footsteps, with a mother's joy,

\* The lake, or loch, of Alemoor, whence the river Ale, which falls into the Teviot beneath Ancrum, originates, is regarded with a degree of superstitious horror by the common people. It is reckoned the residence of the water-cow, an imaginary amphibious monster, not unlike the Siberian mammoth. A tradition also prevails that a child was seized by the erne, a species of eagle, near the border of the lake, and dropped into it by the fatigued bird. Similar traditions occur in other parts of Scotland. Martin, in his Description of the Western Isles, relates that a native of Skye, called Neil, being left when an infant by his mother in a field not far from the houses on the north side of Loch Portrie, was carried over the loch by an eagle in its talons to the southern side, where he was rescued unhurt by some shepherds, who heard the infant cry.—p. 299, ed. 1716.

Spring o'er the lawn with quick elastic bound,  
 And, playful, wheel in giddy circles round,  
 To view the thin blue pebble smoothly glide  
 Along the surface of the dimpling tide:  
 How sweet, she thought it still, to hear him cry,  
 As some red-spotted daisy met his eye,  
 When stooping low, to touch it on the lee,—  
 "The pretty flower! see, how it looks at me!"

Bright beam'd the setting sun;—the sky was clear,  
 And sweet the concert of the woods to hear;  
 The hovering gale was steep'd in soft perfume;  
 The flowery earth seem'd fairer still to bloom;  
 Returning heifers low'd from glade to glade;—  
 Nor knew the mother that her boy had stray'd.  
 Quick from a brake where tangled sloethorns grew,  
 The dark-wing'd erne impetuous glanced to view;  
 He, darting, stoop'd, and from the willowy shore,  
 Above the lake the struggling infant bore;  
 Till, scared by clamours that pursued his way,  
 Far in the wave he dropp'd his helpless prey.  
 Eugenia shrieks, with frenzied sorrow wild,  
 Caresses on her breast her lifeless child,  
 And fondly hopes, contending with despair,  
 That heaven for once may hear a mother's prayer.  
 In her torn heart distracting fancies reign,  
 And oft she thinks her child revives again;  
 Fond fluttering hope awhile suspends her smart:—  
 She hears alone the throb that rends her heart,  
 And, clinging to the lips, as cold as snow,  
 Pours the wild sob of deep, despairing woe.

From Ala's banks to fair Melrose's fane,  
 How bright the sabre flash'd o'er hills of slain,  
 —I see the combat through the mist of years—  
 When Scott and Douglas led the Border spears!  
 The mountain streams were bridged with English dead;  
 Dark Ancrum's heath was dyed with deeper red;  
 The ravaged abbey rung the funeral knell,  
 When fierce Latoun and savage Evers fell; \*  
 Fair bloomed the laurel wreath, by Douglas placed  
 Above the sacred tombs, by war defaced.  
 Hail, dauntless chieftain! thine the mighty boast,  
 In scorn of Henry and his southern host,

\* The English army, commanded by Evers and Latoun, which was defeated in February, 1545, on Ancrum Moor, by the Scots, commanded by Douglas, Earl of Angus, and Scott of Buccleugh, had, previously to that event, sacked Melrose, and defaced the tombs of Douglas.



To venge each ancient violated bust,  
And consecrate to fame thy father's dust.

So, when great Ammon's son to Ister's banks\*  
Led in proud banner'd pomp his Grecian ranks,  
—Bright blazed their faulchions at the monarch's nod,  
And nations trembled at the earthly god—  
Full in his van he saw the Scythian rear,  
With fierce insulting shout, the forward spear:  
"No fears," he cried, "our stubborn hearts appal,  
Till heaven's blue starry arch around us fall:  
These ancient tombs shall bar thy onward way;  
This field of graves thy proud career shall stay."

Deserted Melrose! oft with holy dread†  
I trace thy ruins mouldering o'er the dead;  
While, as the fragments fall, wild fancy hears  
The solemn steps of old departed years,  
When beam'd young Science in these cells forlorn,  
Beauteous and lonely as the star of morn.  
Where gorgeous panes a rainbow-lustre threw,  
The rank green grass is cobwebb'd o'er with dew;  
Where pealing organs o'er the pillar'd fane  
Swell'd, clear to heaven, devotion's sweetest strain,  
The bird of midnight hoots with dreary tone,  
And sullen echoes through the cloisters moan.

Farewell, ye moss-clad spires! ye turrets gray,  
Where Science first effused her orient ray!  
Ye mossy sculptures on the roof emboss'd,  
Like wreathing icicles congeal'd by frost!  
Each branching window, and each fretted shrine,  
Which peasants still to fairy hands assign!  
May no rude hand your solemn grandeur mar,  
Nor waste the structure long revered by war!

From Eildon's cairns no more the watch-fire's blaze,‡  
Red as a comet, darts portentous rays;  
The fields of death, where mailed warriors bled,  
The swain beholds, with other armies clad,  
When purple streamers flutter high in air,  
From each pavilion of the rural Fair.

\* Vide *Quintus Curtius*, Lib. I. Suppl.

† Melrose, in the dark ages, was famous for the literature of its monks. The abbey is one of the finest ruins in Scotland.

‡ Eildon derives its name from the watch-fires, which in the turbulent times of antiquity were kindled on its summit. *Eldr*, in Icelandic, signifies fire, and *elden*, in the Scottish dialect, denotes fuel. St. Boswells fair is held in its vicinity.

The rural Fair! in boyhood's days serene,  
How sweet to fancy was the novel scene,  
The merry bustle, and the mix'd uproar,  
While every face a jovial aspect wore,  
The listening ear, that heard the murmurs run,  
The eye, that gazed, as it would ne'er have done!

The crafty pedlars, first, their wares dispose,  
With glittering trinkets in alluring rows;  
The toy-struck damsel to her fondling swain  
Simpers, looks kind, and then looks coy again;  
Pleased, half-unwilling, he regards the fair,  
And braids the ribbon round her sun-burnt hair.

Proud o'er the gazing group his form to rear,  
Bawls from his cart the vagrant auctioneer;  
While many an oft-repeated tale he tells,  
And jokes, adapted to the ware he sells.

But when the fife and drum resound aloud,  
Each peopled booth resigns its motley crowd:—  
A bunch of roses dangling at his breast,  
The youthful ploughman springs before the rest,  
Throngs to the flag that flutters in the gale,  
And eager listens to the serjeant's tale,  
Hears feats of strange and glorious peril done,  
In climes illumined by the rising sun,  
Feels the proud helmet nodding o'er his brow,  
And soon despises his paternal plough.  
His friends to save the heedless stripling haste;—  
A weeping sister clings around his waist;—  
Fierce hosts, unmarshall'd, mix with erring blows,  
And saplings stout to glittering swords oppose,  
With boisterous shouts, and hubbub hoarse and rude,  
That faintly picture days of ancient feud.

Broad Eildon's shivery side, like silver, shines,  
As in the west the star of day declines:  
While o'er the plains the twilight, vast and dun,  
Stalks on to reach the slow-retiring sun,  
Bright twinkling ringlets o'er the valleys fly,  
Like infant stars that wander from the sky.

In thin and livid coruscations roll\*  
The frosty lightnings of the wintry pole;

\* It is a popular opinion among the Scottish peasantry that the northern lights, or aurora borealis, generally termed by them *streamers*, first appeared before the Scottish rebellion in 1715; and that they portend wars more or less sanguinary, in proportion to the intensity of their red colour. A poet of the middle ages thus expresses the same opinion:—

Lines of pale light the glimmering concave strew,  
 Now loosely flaunt, with wavering sanguine hue,  
 Now o'er the cope of night, heavy and pale,  
 Shoots, like a net, the yellow chequer'd veil;  
 The peasants, wondering, see the streamers fly,  
 And think they hear them hissing through the sky;  
 While he, whom hoary locks and reverend age,  
 And wiser saws, proclaim the rural sage,  
 Prophetic tells, that still, when wars are near,  
 The skies portentous signs of carnage wear.  
 Ere dark Culloden call'd her clans around,  
 To spread for death a mighty charnel-ground,  
 While yet unpurpled with the dews of fight,  
 Their fate was pictured on the vault of night.  
 So Scotia's swains, as fancy's dreams prevail,  
 With looks of mimic wisdom shape the tale.  
 But, mid the gloomy plains of Labradore,—  
 Save the slow wave that freezes on the shore,  
 Where scarce a sound usurps the desert drear,  
 Nor wildwood music ever hails the year,—  
 The Indian, cradled in his bed of snow,  
 Sees heaven's broad arch with flickering radiance glow,  
 And thinks he views, along the peopled sky,  
 The shades of elks and rein-deer glancing by,  
 While warriors, parted long, the dance prepare,  
 And fierce carousal o'er the conquer'd bear.

By every thorn along the woodland damp,  
 The tiny glow-worm lights her emerald lamp;  
 Like the shot-star, whose yet unquenched light  
 Studs with faint gleam the raven-vest of night.  
 The fairy ring-dance now round Eildon-tree  
 Moves to wild strains of elfin minstrelsy:  
 On glancing step appears the fairy queen;  
 The printed grass, beneath, springs soft and green;  
 While, hand in hand, she leads the frolic round,  
 The dinning tabor shakes the charmed ground;

"Sæpe malum hoc nobis cælestia signa canebant,  
 Cum totiens ignitæ acies, ceu luce pavendæ,  
 Per medias noctis dirum fulsere tenebras,  
 Partibus et variis, micuerunt igne sinistro—  
 Quod monstrum schinus bellum færale secutum  
 Quo se Christicolæ ferro petiere nefando,  
 Et consanguineus rupit pia fœdera mucro."

*Florus Diaconus Lugdunensis ap. Mabillonii Analecta Vetera,*  
 vol. i., p. 392.

Hearne relates that the northern and southern Indians, tribes of the Chippewas, suppose the northern lights to be occasioned by the frisking of herds of deer in the fields above, and by the dancing and merriment of their deceased friends.

Or, graceful mounted on her palfrey gray,  
 In robes that glisten like the sun in May.  
 With hawk and hound she leads the moonlight ranks  
 Of knights and dames to Huntly's ferny banks,  
 Where Rymour, long of yore, the nymph embraced,\*  
 The first of men unearthly lips to taste.  
 Rash was the vow, and fatal was the hour,  
 Which gave a mortal to a fairy's power!  
 A lingering leave he took of sun and moon;  
 —Dire to the minstrel was the fairy's boon!—  
 A sad farewell of grass and green-leav'd tree,  
 The haunts of childhood doom'd no more to see.  
 Through winding paths that never saw the sun,  
 Where Eildon hides his roots in caverns dun,  
 They pass,—the hollow pavement, as they go,  
 Rocks to remurmuring waves that boil below.  
 Silent they wade, where sounding torrents lave  
 The banks, and red the tinge of every wave;  
 For all the blood that dies the warrior's hand  
 Runs through the thirsty springs of fairyland.  
 Level and green the downward region lies,  
 And low the ceiling of the fairy skies;  
 Self-kindled gems a richer light display  
 Than gilds the earth, but not a purer day.  
 Resplendent crystal forms the palace-wall;  
 The diamond's trembling lustre lights the hall.  
 But where soft emeralds shed an umber'd light,  
 Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a knight;  
 A raven plume waves o'er each helmed crest,  
 And black the mail which binds each manly breast,  
 Girt with broad faulchion, and with bugle green—  
 Ah! could a mortal trust the fairy queen?

\* According to popular tradition, Thomas Rymour, generally termed Thomas the Rhymer, derived his prophetic powers from his intercourse with the queen of Fairy, whose lips he had the courage to kiss, when he met her on Huntly banks, with hound and hawk, according to the costume of the fairies. By this rash proceeding, however, he consigned himself entirely to her power, and she conducted him, by a very perilous route, to Fairyland, where she instructed him in all the mysteries of learning, past, present, and to come; fraught with which, at the end of seven years, he returned to Erceldown, and astonished everybody with his sagacity. At the end of seven years he again disappeared, and is supposed to have returned to Fairyland. Tradition further relates that a shepherd was once conducted into the interior recesses of Eildon Hills by a venerable personage, whom he discovered to be the famous Rymour, and who showed him an immense number of steeds, in their caparisons, and, at the bridle of each, a knight sleeping, in sable armour, with a sword and bugle-horn at his side. These, he was told, were the host of King Arthur, waiting till the appointed return of that monarch from Fairyland. For a full account of the traditions concerning Thomas Rymour, see Scott's "Poetical Works," iv., pp. 110-166, and his "Sir Tristrem."

From mortal lips an earthly accent fell,  
 And Rymour's tongue confess'd the numbing spell :  
 In iron sleep the minstrel lies forlorn,  
 Who breathed a sound before he blew the horn.

So Vathek once, as eastern legends tell,\*  
 Sought the vast dome of subterranean hell,  
 Where, ghastly in their cedar-biers enshrined,  
 The fleshless forms of ancient kings reclined,  
 Who, long before primeval Adam rose,  
 Had heard the central gates behind them close.  
 With jarring clang the hebon portals ope,  
 And, closing, toll the funeral knell of hope.  
 A sable tap'stry lined the marble wall,  
 And spirits cursed stalk'd dimly through the hall :  
 There, as he view'd each right hand ceaseless prest  
 With writhing anguish to each blasted breast,  
 Blue, o'er his brow, convulsive fibres start,  
 And flames of vengeance eddy round his heart ;  
 With a dire shriek he joins the restless throng,  
 And vaulted hell return'd his funeral song.

Mysterious Rymour ! doom'd by fate's decree  
 Still to revisit Eildon's lonely tree,  
 Where oft the swain, at dawn of Hallow-day,  
 Hears thy black barb with fierce impatience neigh !  
 Say, who is he, with summons strong and high,  
 That bids the charmed sleep of ages fly,  
 Rolls the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,  
 While each dark warrior rouses at the blast,  
 His horn, his faulchion, grasps with mighty hand,  
 And peals proud Arthur's march from Fairyland ?  
 Where every coal-black courser paws the green,  
 His printed step shall evermore be seen :  
 The silver shields in moony splendour shine :—  
 Beware, fond youth ! a mightier hand than thine,  
 With deathless lustre in romantic lay  
 Shall Rymour's fate, and Arthur's fame display.

O SCOTT ! with whom, in youth's serenest prime,  
 I wove, with careless hand, the fairy rhyme,

\* The beautiful and romantic history of the caliph Vathek, though it occasionally betray the vestiges of European embellishment, is, in the groundwork, of oriental origin ; and is understood to have been founded on certain MSS. formerly in the collection of Edward Wortley Montague. The cast of the story in itself, the manners and allusions which pervade it, and the appropriate sublimity of the close, independent of the evidence *in the notes*, which might have been greatly augmented, indicate plainly that it is not a fiction of the west.

Bade chivalry's barbaric pomp return,  
And heroes wake from every mouldering urn!  
Thy powerful verse, to grace the courtly hall,  
Shall many a tale of elder time recall,  
The deeds of knights, the loves of dames, proclaim,  
And give forgotten bards their former fame.  
Enough for me, if Fancy wake the shell,  
To eastern minstrels strains like thine to tell;  
Till saddening memory all our haunts restore,  
The wild-wood walks by Esk's romantic shore,  
The circled hearth, which ne'er was wont to fail  
In cheerful joke, or legendary tale,  
Thy mind, whose fearless frankness nought could move,  
Thy friendship, like an elder brother's love.  
While from each scene of early life I part,  
True to the beatings of this ardent heart,  
When, half-deceased, with half the world between,  
My name shall be unmention'd on the green,  
When years combine with distance, let me be,  
By all forgot, remembered yet by thee.



### PART III.

Heureux qui dans le sein de ses dieux domestiques  
Se dérobe au fracas des tempêtes publiques,  
Et, dans un doux abri, trompant tous les regards,  
Cultive ses jardins, les vertus et les arts !

DEILLE.

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BLEST are the sons of life's sequester'd vale :
No storms of Fate their humble heads assail.
Smooth as the rivulet glides along the plain,
To lose its noiseless waters in the main,
Unheard, unnoted, moves the tranquil stream
Of rural life, that haunts each waking dream ;
When fond regret for all I leave behind,
With sighs unbidden, lingers o'er my mind.

Again, with youth's sensations wild, I hear
The Sabbath-chimes roll sweetly on mine ear,
And view, with solemn gait and serious eye,
Long moving lines of peasants churchward hie.
The rough-toned bell, which many a year hath seen,
And drizzling mists have long since crusted green,
Wide o'er the village flings its muffled sound ;
With quicken'd pace they throng the burial ground ;
As each selects his old paternal seat,
Bright flash the sparkles round their iron feet ;
From crowded pews, arranged in equal row,
The dirge-like music rises soft and slow ;
Uncultured strains ! which yet the warmth impart
Of true devotion to the peasant's heart.

I mark the preacher's air, serene and mild :
In every face he sees a listening child,
Unfolds, with reverend air, the sacred book,
Around him casts a kind paternal look,
And hopes, when all his mortal toils are past,
This filial family to join at last.

He paints the modest virtues of the swains,
Content and happy on their native plains,
Uncharm'd by pomp, by gold's refulgent glare,
Or fame's shrill clarion pealing through the air,
That bids the hind a heart untainted yield,
For laurels, crimson'd in the gory field.
"Beyond this life, and life's dark barrier stream,
How bright the rays of light celestial gleam,
Green fields of bliss, and heavens of cloudless blue,
While Eden spreads her flowery groves anew!
Farewell the sickening sigh, that virtue owes
To mortal life's immedicable woes,
Sweet pity's tear, that loves to fall unseen,
Like dews of eve on meads of tender green,
The trees of life that on the margin rise
Of Eden's stream, shall calm the sufferer's sighs,
From the dark brow the wrinkle charm away,
And soothe the heart, whose pulses madly play;
Till, pure from passion, free from earthly stain,
One pleasing memory of the past remain,
Full tides of bliss in ceaseless circles roll,
And boundless rapture renovate the soul."

When mortals, vainly wise, renounce their God,
To vaunt their kindred to the crumbling clod,
Bid o'er their graves the blasted hemlock bloom,
And woo the eternal slumber of the tomb,
The long, long night, unsooth'd by Fancy's dream;—
Unheard the vultures, o'er their bones that scream—
Though mimic pity half conceals their fear,
Aw'd, to the good man's voice they lend an ear.
But, as the father speaks, they wondering find
New doubts, new fears, infest the obdurate mind;
Wild scenes of woe with ghastly light illumine
The sullen regions of the desert tomb;
His potent words the mental film dispart,
Pierce the dark crust that wraps the atheist's heart,
And stamp, in characters of livid fire,
The fearful doom of Heaven's avenging ire.
But, when he saw each cherish'd bosom-sin,
Like nestling serpents, gnaw the breast within,
To soothe the soften'd soul his doctrine fell,
Like April-drops that nurse the primrose-bell,
Whose timid beauty first adorns the mead,
When spring's warm showers to winter's blights succeed.

As home the peasants move with serious air,
For sober talk they mingle, pair and pair;

Though quaint remark unbend the steadfast mien,
 And thoughts less holy sometimes intervene,
 No burst of noisy mirth disturbs their walk ;
 Each seems afraid of worldly things to talk,
 Save yon fond pair, who speak with meeting eyes ;—
 The sacred day profaner speech denies.

Some love to trace the plain of graves, alone,
 Peruse the lines that crowd the sculptured stone,
 And, as their bosoms heave at thoughts of fame,
 Wish that such homely verse may save their name,
 Hope that their comrades, as the words they spell,
 To greener youth their ploughman-skill may tell,
 And add, that none sung clearer at the ale,
 Or told, at winter's eve, a merrier tale,
 When drowsy shepherds, round the embers, gaze
 At tiny forms, that tread the mounting blaze,
 And songs and jokes the laughing hours beguile,
 And borrow sweetness from the damsel's smile.
 Vain wish ! the letter'd stones, that mark his grave,
 Can ne'er the swain from dim oblivion save :
 Ere twice yon sun his annual course has roll'd,
 Is he forgotten, and the tales he told.
 At fame so transient, peasants, murmur not !
 In one great Book your deeds are not forgot :
 Your names, your blameless lives, impartial Fate
 Records, to triumph o'er the guilty great,
 When each unquiet grave upheaves the dead,
 And awful blood-drops stain the laurell'd head.

See, how each barbarous trophy wastes away !
 All, save great Egypt's pyramids, decay.
 Green waves the harvest, and the peasant-boy
 Stalls his rough herds within the towers of Troy ;
 Prowls the sly fox, the jackal rears her brood,
 Where once the towers of mighty Ilium stood.
 And you, stern children of the northern sun,
 Each stubborn Tartar, and each swarthy Hun,
 Toumen, and Mothe, who led your proud Monguls
 And piled in mountain-heaps your foemen's skulls !*
 Broad swarm'd your bands o'er every peopled clime,
 And trode the nations from the rolls of time.
 Where is your old renown ?—On Sibir's plain,
 Nameless and vast, your tombs alone remain.

* Toumen and Mothe, however unknown to Europeans, are heroes of great celebrity in Mongul history, and in no respects inferior to Attila, Jenghiz, or Timur. Many of the most illustrious chieftains of these man-slaughtering tribes have experienced a similar fate.

How soon the fame of Niger's lord decay'd,
 Whose arm Tombuto's golden sceptre sway'd!
 Dark Izkia! name, by dusky hosts rever'd,*
 Who first the pile of negro-glory rear'd!
 O'er many a realm, beneath the burning zone,
 How bright his ruby-studded standard shone!
 How strong that arm, the glittering spear to wield,
 While sable nations gather'd round his shield!
 But chief, when, conquest-crown'd, his radiant car
 From Niger's banks repulsed the surge of war,
 When rose, convulsed in clouds, the desert gray,
 And Arab lances gleam'd in long array!
 At every shout, a grove of spears was flung,
 From cany bows a million arrows sprung;
 While, prone and panting, on the sandy plain
 Sunk the fleet barb, and welter'd mid the slain.
 Niger, exulting o'er her sands of gold,
 Down her broad wave the Moorish warriors roll'd;
 While each dark tribe, along her sylvan shore,
 Gazed on the bloody tide, and arms unseen before.—
 Unknown the grave where Izkia's ashes lie:—
 Thy fame has fled, like lightning o'er the sky.
 E'en he, who first, with garments roll'd in blood,
 Rear'd the huge piles by Nile's broad moon-horn'd flood,
 Swore that his fame the lapse of time should mock,
 Graved on the granite's everlasting rock,
 Sleeps in his catacomb, unnam'd, unknown;—
 While sages vainly scan the sculptured stone.

So fades the palm, by blighting blood-drops stain'd,
 The laurel-wreath by ruffian War profaned;
 So fades his name, whom first the nations saw
 Ordain a mortal's blind caprice for law,
 The fainting captive drag to slavery's den,
 And truck for gold the souls of free-born men.
 But hope not, tyrants! in the grave to rest,—
 The blood, the tears, of nations unredress'd,—
 While sprites celestial mortal woes bemoan,
 And join the vast creation's funeral groan!
 For still, to heaven when fainting nature calls,
 On deeds accursed the darker vengeance falls.

Nor deem the negro's sighs and anguish vain,
 Who, hopeless, grinds the harden'd trader's chain;

* Muley Izkia, a native negro, and king of Tombuctoo, in the early part of the 16th century, gained by conquest an immense empire in the interior of Africa. He defeated the forces of Morocco in a great engagement, in which Marmol was present; and so complete was the rout that the Emperor himself escaped with difficulty.

As, wafted from his country far away,
 He sees Angola's hills of green decay.
 The dry harmattan flits along the flood,
 To parch his veins, and boil his throbbing blood.
 In dreams he sees Angola's plains appear;
 In dreams he seems Angola's strains to hear;
 And, when the clanking fetter bursts his sleep,
 Silent, and sad, he plunges in the deep.

Stout was the ship, from Benin's palmy shore*
 That first the freight of barter'd captives bore:
 Bedimm'd with blood, the sun, with shrinking beams,
 Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean-streams;
 But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear'd,
 Amid the crew the speckled plague appear'd.
 Faint and despairing, on their watery bier,
 To every friendly shore the sailors steer;
 Repell'd from port to port, they sue in vain,
 And track, with slow unsteady sail, the main.
 Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen
 To streak with wandering foam the sea-weeds green,
 Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree;
 Till, self-impell'd, amid the waveless sea,
 Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,
 Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing,
 Fix'd as a rock amid the boundless plain,
 The yellow steam pollutes the stagnant main;
 Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,
 As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.

Still, doom'd by fate, on weltering billows roll'd,
 Along the deep their restless course to hold,
 Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide
 The prow, with sails opposed to wind and tide.
 The spectre-ship, in livid glimpsing light,
 Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,

* It is a common superstition of mariners, that, in the high southern latitudes on the coast of Africa, hurricanes are frequently ushered in by the appearance of a spectre-ship, denominated the Flying Dutchman. At dead of night, the luminous form of a ship glides rapidly, with topsails flying, and sailing straight in "the wind's eye." The crew of this vessel are supposed to have been guilty of some dreadful crime, in the infancy of navigation, and to have been stricken with the pestilence. They were hence refused admittance into every port, and are ordained still to traverse the ocean on which they perished, till the period of their penance expire. Chaucer alludes to a punishment of a similar kind.

"And breakers of the laws, sothe to saine,
 And lecherous folke, after that they been dede,
 Shall whirle about the world, alway in paine,
 Till many a world be passed, out of drede."

CHAUCER'S *Assembly of Fowls*.

Unblest of God and man!—Till time shall end,
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.

Land of my fathers!—though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree—
Land of dark heaths and mountains! thou art free.

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot! runs,
With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons:
No drooping slave, with spirit bow'd to toil,
Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil,
Nor cringing vassal, on these pansied meads
Is bought and barter'd, as the flock he feeds.
Free, as the lark, that carols o'er his head,
At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,
Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,
And, whistling loud, directs the mining share;
Free, as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain;
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.

Dear native valleys! may ye long retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain!
Long mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet!
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot the peasant's chaunted psalm!
Then, Jedworth! though thy ancient choirs shall fade,
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie,
Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong,
By Jed's pure stream, a sweeter even-song,
Than long processions, once, with mystic zeal,
Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

O softly, Jed! thy sylvan current lead
Round every hazel copse and smiling mead,
Where lines of firs the glowing landscape screen,
And crown the heights with tufts of deeper green.
While, mid the cliffs, to crop the flowery thyme,
The shaggy goats with steady footsteps climb,
How wantonly the ruffling breezes stir
The wavering trains of tinsel gossamer,

In filmy threads of floating gold, which slide
 O'er the green upland's wet and sloping side,
 While, ever varying in the beating ray,
 The fleeting net-work glistens bright and gay!
 To thee, fair Jed! a holier wreath is due,
 Who gav'st thy THOMSON all thy scenes to view,*
 Bad'st forms of beauty on his vision roll,
 And mould to harmony his ductile soul;
 Till fancy's pictures rose, as nature bright,
 And his warm bosom glow'd with heavenly light.

In March, when first, elate on tender wing,
 O'er frozen heaths the lark essays to sing;
 In March, when first, before the lengthening days,
 The snowy mantle of the earth decays,
 The wreaths of crusted snows are painted blue,
 And yellowy moss assumes a greener hue,—
 How smil'd the bard from winter's funeral urn
 To see, more fair, the youthful earth return!
 When morn's wan rays with clearer crimson blend,
 And first the gilded mists of spring ascend,
 The sunbeams swim through April's silver showers,
 The daffodils expand their yellow flowers,
 The lusty stalk with sap luxuriant swells,
 And, curling round it, smile the bursting bells,
 The blowing king-cup bank and valley studs,
 And on the rosiers nod the folded buds;—
 Warm beats his heart, to view the mead's array,
 When flowers of summer hear the steps of May.

But, when the wintry blast the forest heaves,
 And shakes the harvest of the ripen'd leaves;
 When brighter scenes the painted woods display
 Than Fancy's fairy pencil can pourtray,—
 He, pensive, strays, the sadden'd groves among,
 To hear the twittering swallow's farewell song.
 The finch no more on pointed thistles feeds,
 Pecks the red leaves, or crops the swelling seeds;
 But water-crows by cold brook-margins play,
 Lave their dark plumage in the freezing spray,
 And, wanton, as from stone to stone they glide,
 Dive at their beckoning forms beneath the tide.
 He hears at eve the fetter'd bittern's scream,
 Ice-bound in sedgy marsh, or mountain stream,

* The youth of Thomson was spent on the Jed, and many of his descriptions are supposed to be copied from the scenery on its banks. The description in the beginning of his "Winter," of the storm collecting on the mountain cliffs, is said to have been suggested by the appearance of Ruberslaw.

Or sees, with strange delight, the snow-clouds form,
 When Ruberslaw conceives the mountain storm;
 Dark Ruberslaw, that lifts his head sublime,
 Rugged and hoary with the wrecks of time!
 On his broad misty front the giant wears
 The horrid furrows of ten thousand years;
 His aged brows are crown'd with curling fern,
 Where perches, grave and lone, the hooded Erne,
 Majestic bird! by ancient shepherds styled
 The lonely hermit of the russet wild,
 That loves amid the stormy blast to soar,
 When through disjointed cliffs the tempests roar,
 Climbs on strong wing the storm, and screaming high,
 Rides the dim rack, that sweeps the darken'd sky.

Such were the scenes his fancy first refin'd,
 And breath'd enchantment o'er his plastic mind,
 Bade every feeling flow, to virtue dear,
 And form'd the poet of the varied year.

Bard of the Seasons! could my strain, like thine,
 Awake the heart to sympathy divine,
 Sweet Osa's stream, by thin-leav'd birch o'erhung,*
 No more should roll her modest waves unsung.
 Though now thy silent waters, as they run,
 Refuse to sparkle in the morning sun,
 Though dark their wandering course, what voice can tell
 Who first, for thee, shall strike the sounding shell,
 And teach thy waves, that dimly wind along,
 To tune to harmony their mountain-song!
 Thus Meles roll'd a stream unknown to fame,
 Not yet renown'd by Homer's mighty name;
 Great sun of verse, who, self-created, shone,
 To lend the world his light, and borrow none!

Through richer fields, her milky wave that stain,
 Slow Oala flows o'er many a chalky plain;
 With silvery spikes of wheat; in stately row,
 And golden oats, that on the uplands grow,
 Gray fields of barley crowd the water edge,
 Drink the pale stream, and mingle with the sedge.

Pure blows the summer breeze, o'er moor and dell,
 Since first in Wormiswood the serpent fell:†

* Osa, the retired and romantic stream of Oxnam, which falls into the Teviot at Crailing, the ancient seat of the Cranstons.

† For this tradition concerning an immense serpent, generally termed the *wod-worm* of *Wormiston*, and supposed to have been killed by the laird of *Lariston*, there appears to have been some foundation, though the magnitude of the serpent, and the hazard of the enterprise, are greatly augmented. See the Introduction to the ballad of "*Kempion*" in Scott's "*Poetical Works*," iii. pp. 230-240.

From years, in distance lost, his birth he drew,
 And with the ancient oaks the monster grew,
 Till venom, nursed in every stagnant vein,
 Shed o'er his scaly sides a yellowy stain,
 Save where, uprear'd, his purpled crest was seen,
 Bedropt with purple blots and streaks of green.
 Deep in a sedgy fen, conceal'd from day,
 Long ripening, on his oozy bed he lay ;
 Till, as the poison-breath around him blew,
 From every bough the shrivell'd leaflet flew,
 Gray moss began the wrinkled trees to climb,
 And the tall oaks grew old before their time.

On his dark bed the grovelling monster long
 Blew the shrill hiss, and launch'd the serpent prong,
 Or, writhed on frightful coils, with powerful breath,
 Drew the faint herds to glut the den of death ;
 Dragg'd, with unwilling speed, across the plain
 The snorting steed, that gazed with stiffen'd mane—
 The forest bull, that lash'd, with hideous roar,
 His sides indignant, and the ground uptore.
 Bold as the chief, who, mid black Lerna's brake,
 With mighty prowess quell'd the water-snake,
 To rouse the monster from his noisome den,
 A dauntless hero pierced the blasted fen.
 He mounts, he spurs his steed ;—in bold career,
 His arm gigantic wields a fiery spear ;
 With aromatic moss the shaft was wreathed,
 And favouring gales around the champion breathed ;
 By power invisible the courser drawn,
 Now quick, and quicker, bounds across the lawn ;
 Onward he moves, unable now to pause,
 And, fearless, meditates the monster's jaws,
 Impels the struggling steed, that strives to shun,
 Full on his wide unfolding fangs to run ;
 Down his black throat he thrusts the fiery dart,
 And hears the frightful hiss, that rends his heart ;
 Then, wheeling light, reverts his swift career.
 The writhing serpent grinds the ashen spear ;
 Roll'd on his head, his awful volumed train
 He strains, in tortured folds, and bursts in twain.
 On Cala's banks, his monstrous fangs appal
 The rustics, pondering on the sacred wall,
 Who hear the tale, the solemn rites between,
 On summer Sabbaths, in the churchyard green.

On Yeta's banks the vagrant gypsies place
 Their turf-built cots ; a sun-burn'd swarthy race !

From Nubian realms their tawny line they bring,
And their brown chieftain vaunts the name of king ;
With loitering steps, from town to town they pass,
Their lazy dames rock'd on the panier'd ass,
From pilfer'd roots or nauseous carrion fed,
By hedge-rows green they strew the leafy bed,
While scarce the cloak of tawdry red conceals
The fine-turn'd limbs, which every breeze reveals :
Their bright black eyes through silken lashes shine,
Around their necks their raven tresses twine ;
But chilling damps and dews of night impair
Its soft sleek gloss, and tan the bosom bare.
Adroit the lines of palmistry to trace,
Or read the damsel's wishes in her face,
Her hoarded silver store they charm away,
A pleasing debt, for promis'd wealth to pay.

But, in the lonely barn, from towns remote,
The pipe and bladder opes its screaming throat,
To aid the revels of the noisy rout,
Who wanton dance, or push the cups about :
Then for their paramours the maddening brawl,
Shrill, fierce, and frantic, echoes round the hall.
No glimmering light to rage supplies a mark,
Save the red firebrand, hissing through the dark :
And oft the beams of morn, the peasants say,
The blood-stain'd turf and new-form'd graves display.
Fell race, unworthy of the Scotian name !
Your brutal deeds your barbarous line proclaim ;
With dreadful Galla's link'd in kindred bands,
The locust brood of Ethiopia's sands,
Whose frantic shouts the thunder blue defy,
And launch their arrows at the glowing sky.
In barbarous pomp, they glut the inhuman feast
With dismal viands man abhors to taste ;
And grimly smile, when red the goblets shine,
When mantles red the shell—but not with wine.

Ye sister streams, whose mountain waters glide,
To lose your names in Teviot's crystal tide !
Not long, through greener fields, ye wander slow,
While heavens of azure widen as ye grow ;
For soon, where scenes of sweeter beauty smile
Around the mounds of Roxburgh's ruin'd pile,
No more the mistress of each lovely field,
Her name, her honours, Teviot soon must yield.

Roxburgh ! how fallen, since first in Gothic pride
Thy frowning battlements the war defied,

Call'd the bold chief to grace thy blazon'd halls,
 And bade the rivers gird thy solid walls!
 Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,
 In gloomy grandeur waves yon hanging wood;
 Crush'd are thy halls, save where the peasant sees
 One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees;
 The still-green trees, whose mournful branches wave,
 In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.
 Proud castle! Fancy still beholds thee stand,
 The curb, the guardian of this Border land,
 As when the signal-flame, that blazed afar,
 And bloody flag, proclaim'd impending war,
 While in the lion's place the leopard frown'd,
 And marshall'd armies hemm'd thy bulwarks round.

Serene in might, amid embattled files,
 From Morven's hills, and the far Western Isles,
 From barrier Tweed, and Teviot's Border tide,
 See through the host the youthful monarch ride!
 In streaming pomp, above each mailed line,
 The chiefs behold his plummy helmet shine,
 And, as he points the purple surge of war,
 His faithful legions hail their guiding star.

From Lothian's plains, a hardy band uprears,
 In serried ranks, a glittering grove of spears:
 The Border chivalry more fierce advance;
 Before their steeds projects the bristling lance:
 The panting steeds that, bridled in with pain,
 Arch their proud crests, and ardent paw the plain:
 With broad claymore, and dirk, the Island clan
 Clang the resounding targe, and claim the van,
 Flash their bright swords as stormy bugles blow,
 Unconscious of the shaft and Saxon bow.

Now sulphurous clouds involve the sickening morn,
 And the hoarse bombal drowns the pealing horn;*
 Crash the disparted walls, the turrets rock,
 And the red flame bursts through the smouldering smoke.
 But, hark! with female shrieks the valleys ring!
 The death-dirge sounds for Scotia's warrior king:
 Fallen in his youth, ere, on the listed field,
 The tinge of blood had dyed his silver shield;
 Fallen in his youth, ere from the banner'd plain
 Return'd his faulchion, crimson'd with the slain.
 His sword is sheath'd, his bow remains unstrung,
 His shield unblazon'd, and his praise unsung:

* Bombal is used by Cleveland:—

"In pulpit fireworks which the bombal vents."

CLEVELAND'S POEMS.

The holly's glossy leaves alone shall tell,
How, on these banks, the martial monarch fell.

Lo! as to grief the drooping squadrons yield,
And quit, with tarnished arms, the luckless field,
His gallant consort wipes her tears away,
Renews their courage, and restores the day.
"Behold your king!" the lofty heroine cried,
"He seeks his vengeance where his father died.
Behold your king!"—Rekindling fury boils
In every breast;—the Saxon host recoils;—
Wide o'er the walls the billowy flames aspire,
And streams of blood hiss through the curling fire.

Teviot, farewell! for now thy silver tide
Commix'd with Tweed's pellucid stream shall glide.
But all thy green and pastoral beauties fail
To match the softness of thy parting vale.
Bosom'd in woods, where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun:
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And, fring'd with hazel, winds each flowery dell;
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempé rises on the banks of Tweed.
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies;
And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise;
Where Tweed her silent way majestic holds,
Float the thin gales in more transparent folds.
New powers of vision on the eye descend,
As distant mountains from their bases bend,
Lean forward from their seats, to court the view,
While melt their soften'd tints in vivid blue.
But fairer still, at midnight's shadowy reign,
When liquid silver floods the moonlight plain,
And lawns, and fields, and woods of varying hue,
Drink the wan lustre, and the pearly dew;
While the still landscape, more than noontide bright,
Glistens with mellow tints of fairy light.

Yet, sure, these pastoral beauties ne'er can vie,
With those which fondly rise to Memory's eye,
When, absent long, my soul delights to dwell
On scenes in early youth she lov'd so well.
'Tis fabling Fancy, with her radiant hues,
That gilds the modest scenes which Memory views;
And softer, finer tints she loves to spread,
For which we search in vain the daisied mead,
In vain the grove, the riv'let's mossy cell—
'Tis the delusive charm of Fancy's spell.

PART IV.

Merveilleuses histoires racontées autour du foyer, tendres épanchemens du cœur longues habitudes d'aimer si nécessaires à la vie, vous avez rempli les journées de ceux qui n'ont point quitté leur pays natal. Leurs tombeaux sont dans leur patrie, avec le soleil couchant, les pleurs de leurs amis et les charmes de la religion.

ATALA.

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ONCE more, inconstant shadow ! by my side  
I see thee stalk, with vast gigantic stride,  
Pause when I stop, and where I careless bend  
My steps, obsequiously their course attend :  
So faithless friends, that leave the wretch to mourn,  
Still with the sunshine of his days return.  
Yet oft, since first I left these valleys green,  
I, but for thee, companionless had been.  
To thee I talk'd, nor felt myself alone,  
While summer suns and living moonbeams shone.  
Oft, while an infant, playful in the sun,  
I hoped thy silent gambols to outrun,  
And, as I view'd thee ever at my side,  
To overleap thy hastening figure tried.  
Oft, when with flaky snow the fields were white,  
Beneath the moon I started at thy sight,  
Eyed thy huge stature with suspicious mien,  
And thought I had my evil genius seen.  
But when I left my father's old abode,  
And thou the sole companion of my road,  
As sad I paus'd, and fondly look'd behind,  
And almost deem'd each face I met unkind,  
While kindling hopes to boding fears gave place,  
Thou seem'dst the ancient spirit of my race.  
In startled Fancy's ear I heard thee say,  
"Ha ! I will meet thee after many a day,  
When youth's impatient joys, too fierce to last,  
And Fancy's wild illusions, all are past ;

Yes! I will come when scenes of youth depart,  
To ask thee for thy innocence of heart,  
To ask thee, when thou bidst this light adieu,  
Ha! wilt thou blush thy ancestors to view?"

Now, as the sun descends with westering beam,  
I see thee lean across clear Teviot's stream;  
Through thy dim figure, fringed with wavy gold,  
Their gliding course the restless waters hold;  
But, when a thousand waves have roll'd away,  
The incumbent shadow suffers no decay.  
Thus, wide through mortal life delusion reigns;  
The substance changes, but the form remains: \*  
Or, if the substance still remains the same,  
We see another form, and hear another name.

So, when I left sweet Teviot's woodland green,  
And hills, the only hills mine eyes had seen,  
With what delight I hoped to mark, anew,  
Each well-known object rising on my view!  
Ah, fruitless hope! when youth's warm light is o'er,  
Can ought to come its glowing hues restore?  
As lovers, absent long, with anguish trace  
The marks of time on that familiar face,  
Whose bright and ripening bloom could once impart  
Such melting fondness to the youthful heart,  
I sadly stray by Teviot's pastoral shore,  
And every change with fond regret deplore.  
No more the black-cock struts along the heath,  
Where berries cluster blue the leaves beneath,  
Spreads the jet wing, or flaunts the dark-green train,  
In labour'd flight the tufted moors to gain,  
But, far remote, on flagging plume he flies,  
Or shuts in death his ruddy sparkling eyes.  
No more the screaming bittern, bellowing harsh,  
To its dark bottom shakes the shuddering marsh;  
Proud of his shining breast and emerald crown,  
The wild-drake leaves his bed of eider-down,  
Stretches his helming neck before the gales,  
And sails on winnowing wing for other vales.

Where the long heaths in billowy roughness frown,  
The pine, the heron's ancient home, goes down,

\* According to the later Platonics, the material world is in a continual state of flowing and formation, but never possesses *real being*. It is like the image of a tree seen in a rapid stream, which has the appearance of a tree without the reality, and which seems to continue perpetually the same, though constantly renewed by the renovation of its waters. There is an allusion to this idea in the hymn to Nature, attributed to Orpheus.

Though wintry storms have toss'd its spiry head,  
Since first o'er Scotia's realm the forests spread.

The mountain-ash, whose crimson berries shine ;  
The flaxen birch, that yields the palmy wine ;  
The guine, whose luscious sable cherries spring,  
To lure the blackbird mid her boughs to sing ;  
The shining beech, that holier reverence claims,  
Along whose bark our fathers carved their names ;  
Yield to the ponderous axe, whose frequent stroke  
Re-echoes loudly from the ezlar rock,  
While frightened stock-doves listen, silent long,  
Then from the hawthorn crowd their gurgling song.

Green downs, ascending, drink the moorish rills,  
And yellow corn-fields crown the heathless hills,  
Where to the breeze the shrill brown linnet sings,  
And prunes with frequent bill his russet wings.  
High, and more high, the shepherds drive their flocks,  
And climb, with timid step, the hoary rocks ;  
From cliff to cliff the ruffling breezes sigh,  
Where idly on the sun-beat steeps they lie,  
And wonder, that the vale no more displays  
The pastoral scenes that pleased their early days.

No more the cottage roof, fern-thatch'd and gray,  
Invites the weary traveller from the way,  
To rest, and taste the peasant's simple cheer,  
Repaid by news and tales he loved to hear ;  
The clay-built wall, with woodbine twisted o'er,  
The house-leek, clustering green above the door,  
While, through the sheltering elms, that round them grew,  
The winding smoke arose in columns blue ;—  
These all have fled ; and from their hamlets brown,  
The swains have gone, to sicken in the town,  
To pine in crowded streets, or ply the loom ;  
For splendid halls deny the cottage room.  
Yet on the neighbouring heights they oft convene,  
With fond regret to view each former scene,  
The level meads, where infants wont to play  
Around their mothers, as they piled the hay,  
The hawthorn hedge-row, and the hanging wood,  
Beneath whose boughs their humble cottage stood.

Gone are the peasants from the humble shed,  
And with them too the humble virtues fled :  
No more the farmer, on these fertile plains,  
Is held the father of the meaner swains,  
Partakes, as he directs, the reaper's toil,  
*Or with his shining share divides the soil,*

Or in his hall, when winter nights are long,  
 Joins in the burden of the damsel's song,  
 Repeats the tales of old heroic times,  
 While BRUCE and WALLACE consecrate the rhymes.  
 These all are fled—and, in the farmer's place,  
 Of prouder look, advance a dubious race  
 That ape the pride of rank, with awkward state,  
 The vice, but not the polish of the great,  
 Flaunt, like the poppy, mid the ripening grain,  
 A nauseous weed, that poisons all the plain.  
 The peasant, once a friend, a friend no more,  
 Cringes, a slave, before the master's door:  
 Or else, too proud, where once he loved, to fawn,  
 For distant climes deserts his native lawn,  
 And fondly hopes, beyond the western main  
 To find the virtues, here beloved in vain.

So the Red Indian, by Ontario's side,  
 Nursed hardy on the brindled panther's hide,\*  
 Who, like the bear, delights his woods to roam,  
 And on the maple finds at eve a home,  
 As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees  
 The white man's cottage rise beneath his trees,  
 While o'er his vast and undivided lawn  
 The hedge-row and the bounding trench are drawn,†  
 From their dark beds his aged forests torn,  
 While round him close long fields of reed-like corn:—  
 He leaves the shelter of his native wood,  
 He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,  
 And forward rushing, in indignant grief,  
 Where never foot has trod the falling leaf,  
 He bends his course, where twilight reigns sublime  
 O'er forests silent since the birth of time;  
 Where roll on spiral folds, immense and dun,‡  
 The ancient snakes, the favourites of the sun,

\* The Indians of North America believe that every object in nature communicates its peculiar properties to those bodies which come in contact with it. In order, therefore, to render their sons excellent warriors, they rear them on the hide of the panther, which, in strength, cunning, agility, and acuteness of smell, excels most animals in the woods of America. In order to acquire the graces of modesty, their young females repose on the skins of the shy buffalo calf, or the timorous fawn.—ADAIR'S *History of the American Indians*, p. 420.

† The Indians, whose maize-fields are never enclosed, are averse to the introduction of fenced corn-fields; and they have sometimes prohibited the rearing of domestic cattle, by which these enclosures are rendered necessary.—ADAIR'S *History of the American Indians*, p. 131.

‡ In the unfrequented swamps and savannahs of America, and the retired valleys of the mountains, snakes of enormous size have frequently been found, which have been prodigiously magnified by Indian tradition.

Or in the lonely vales, serene, repose;  
 While the clear carbuncle its lustre throws,  
 From each broad brow, star of a baleful sky,  
 Which luckless mortals only view to die!  
 Lords of the wilderness since time began,  
 They scorn to yield their ancient sway to man.

Long may the Creek, the Cherokee, retain  
 The desert woodlands of his old domain,  
 Ere Teviot's sons, far from their homes beguiled,  
 Expel their wattled wigwams from the wild!  
 For ah! not yet the social virtues fly,  
 That wont to blossom in our northern sky,  
 And, in the peasant's free-born soul produce  
 The patriot glow of WALLACE and of BRUCE;  
 Like that brave band great ABERCROMBY led  
 To fame or death, by Nile's broad swampy bed,  
 To whom the unconquer'd Gallic legions yield  
 The trophied spoils of many a stormy field:  
 Not yet our swains, their former virtues lost,  
 In dismal exile roam from coast to coast;  
 But soon, too soon, if lordly wealth prevail,  
 The healthy cottage shall desert the dale,  
 The active peasants trust their hardy prime  
 To other skies, and seek a kinder clime.  
 From Teviot's banks I see them wind their way:  
 "*Tweedside*," in sad farewell I hear them play:—  
 The plaintive song, that wont their toils to cheer,  
 Sounds to them doubly sad, but doubly dear,  
 As, slowly parting from the osier'd shore,  
 They leave these waters to return no more.  
 But, ah! where'er their wandering steps sojourn,  
 To these loved shores their pensive thoughts shall turn;  
 There picture scenes of innocent repose,  
 When, garrulous, at waning age's close,

The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, from which the sunbeams reflect a powerful heat, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of the rattlesnakes, which they denominate "the bright old inhabitants." They represent them as snakes of a more enormous size than is mentioned in history; and so unwieldy, that they require a circle almost as wide as their length to crawl round, in their shortest orbit. To compensate the tardiness of their motion, they possess the power of drawing to them every living creature that comes within the reach of their eye. Their heads are crowned with a large carbuncle, which by its brightness sullies the meridian beams of the sun, and so dazzles the eye by its splendour that the snake appears of as various hues as theameleon. As the Indians believe that by killing them they would be exposed to the hatred of all the inferior species of serpents, they carefully avoid disturbing them, or even discovering their secret recesses.—*ADAIR'S History of the American Indians*, p. 237.



They to their children shall securely tell  
The hazards which in foreign lands befell.

Teviot! while o'er thy sons I pour the tear,\*  
Why swell thy murmurs sudden on mine ear?  
Still shall thy restless waters hold their way,  
Nor fear the fate that bids our race decay;  
Still shall thy waves their mazy course pursue,  
Till every scene be changed that meets my view:  
And many a race has traced its narrow span,  
Since first thy waters down these valleys ran.  
Ye distant ages, that have pass'd away,  
Since dawn'd the twilight of creation's day!  
Again to Fancy's eye your course unroll,  
And let your visions soothe my pensive soul!

And lo! emerging from the mist of years,  
In shadowy pomp a woodland scene appears;  
Woods of dark oak, that once o'er Teviot hung,  
Ere on their swampy beds her mosses sprung.  
On these green banks the ravening wolf-dogs prowl,  
And, fitful, to the hoarse night-thunder howl,  
Or, hunger-gnawn, by maddening fury bold,  
Besiege the huts, and scale the wattled fold.  
The savage chief, with soul devoid of fear,  
Hies to the chase, and grasps his pliant spear,  
Or, while his nervous arm its vigour tries,  
The knotted thorn a massy club supplies.  
He calls his hounds; his moony shield afar,  
With clanging boss, convokes the sylvan war;  
The tainted steps his piercing eyes pursue  
To some dark lair, which sapless bones bestrew:  
His foamy chaps the haggard monster rears,  
Champs his gaunt jaws, which clotted blood besmears,  
Growls surly, rolls his eyes that sparkle fire,  
While hounds and hunters from his fangs retire;  
Till, writhing on the tough transfixing lance,  
With boisterous shouts the shrinking rout advance;  
His shaggy fur the chieftain bears away,  
And wears the spoils on every festive day.

Not his the puny chase, that from her lair  
Urges, in safe pursuit, the timorous hare,  
Detects her mazes, as she circling wheels,  
And venturous treads on her pursuers' heels;

\* Lower Teviotdale, within these few years, has been transformed from a beautiful pastoral country into an agricultural one, and has consequently lost in picturesque appearance more than it has gained in beauty.



Through fields of grain the laggard barriers guides,  
Or, plunging through the brake, impetuous rides,  
Whoops the shrill view-halloo, to see her scud  
The plain, and drinks the tremulous scream of blood.

Hark! the dark forest rings with a shrill alarms:  
Another foe invites the chieftains' arms.  
Where Teviot's damsels late in long array  
Led the light dance beneath the moonlight spray,  
Lords of the earth, the Roman legions wheel  
Their glittering files, and stamp with gory heel,  
Bathe the keen javelin's edge in purple dew;  
While Death smiles dimly o'er the faulchion blue.  
Wake the hoarse trumpet, swell the song of war,  
And yoke the steed to the careering car,  
With azure-streaks the warriors' visage stain,  
And let the arrowy clouds obscure the plain!  
The bards, as o'er their sky-blue vestures flow  
Their long redundant locks, of reverend snow,  
Invoke their ancestors of matchless might,  
To view their offspring in the toil of fight.

"Let the wild field of slain be purpled o'er,  
One red capacious drinking-cup of gore!  
Blest are the brave that for their country die!  
On viewless steeds they climb the waste of sky;  
Embrued in blood, on eagle-wings they soar,  
Drink, as they rise, the battle's mingled roar:  
Their deeds the bards on sculptured rocks shall grave,  
Whose marble page shall northern tempests brave.  
Even Time's slow wasting foot shall ne'er erase  
The awful chronicle of elder days:  
Then drink the pure metheglin of the bee,  
The heath's brown juice, and live or perish free!"

In vain!—for, wedged beneath the arch of shields,  
Where'er the legions move, the combat yields;  
Break the dark files, the thronging ranks give way,  
And o'er the field the vacant chariots stray.  
Woe to the tribes who shun the faulchion's stroke,  
And bend their necks beneath the captive's yoke!  
The rattling folds of chains, that round them fall,  
They madly grind against the dungeon wall.  
Die! cowards, die! nor wait your servile doom,  
Dragg'd in base triumph through the streets of Rome!  
The night descends—the sounding woods are still—  
No more the watchfire blazes from the hill;—  
The females now their dusky locks unbind,  
*To float dishevell'd in the midnight wind*

Inspired with black despair, they grasp the steel,  
 Nor fear to act the rage their bosoms feel :  
 Then maids and matrons dare a fearful deed,\*  
 And recreant lovers, sons, and husbands bleed :  
 They scan each long-loved face with ghastly smile,  
 And light with bloody hands the funeral pile,  
 Then fierce retreat to woods and wilds afar,  
 To nurse a race that never shrunk from war.

Long ages, next, in sullen gloom go by,  
 And desert still these barrier-regions lie ;  
 While oft the Saxon raven, poised for flight,†  
 Receding, owns the British dragon's might :  
 Till, rising from the mix'd and martial breed,  
 The nations see an iron race succeed.  
 Fierce as the wolf, they rush'd to seize their prey ;  
 The day was all their night, the night their day ;  
 Or, if the night was dark, along the air  
 The blazing village shed a sanguine glare.  
 Theirs was the skill, with venturous pace, to lead  
 Along the sedgy marsh, the floundering steed,  
 To fens and misty heaths conduct their prey,  
 And lure the bloodhound from his scented way :  
 The chilly radiance of the harvest-moon  
 To them was fairer than the sun at noon ;  
 For blood pursuing, or for blood pursued,  
 The palaced courtier's life with scorn they viewed,  
 Pent, like the snail, within the circling shell ;  
 While hunters loved beneath the oak so dwell,  
 Roused the fleet roe, and twang'd their bows of yew,  
 While staghounds yell'd, and merry bugles blew.

Not theirs the maiden's song of war's alarms,  
 But the loud clarion, and the clang of arms,  
 The trumpet's voice, when warring hosts begin  
 To swell impatient battle's stormy din,

\* Boece relates that the tribes of the Ordovices having sustained a dreadful defeat, the women, enraged at the cowardice of their natural protectors, massacred all who had fled the night after the battle. Tradition has preserved some obscure notices of this event in Teviotdale and Liddesdale, the Gododin of the Welsh bards, and the country of the Otadini.

† Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the mountainous districts of Dumfriesshire, which seem to have formed the Welsh principalities of Reged and Gododin, were the scene of the most sanguinary warfare between the Welsh and Saxons. After Scotland and England were formed into two powerful kingdoms, these districts were comprehended in the Middle March of Scotland ; and the hardy clans by which they were inhabited became versed in every kind of predatory warfare. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" exhibits an accurate view of their history and manners.

The groans of wounded on the blood-red plain,  
 And victor-shouts exulting o'er the slain.  
 No wailing shriek, no useless female tear,  
 Was ever shed around their battle-bier;  
 But heaps of corpses, on the slippery ground,  
 Were piled around them, for their funeral mound.

So rose the stubborn race, unknown to bow;\*  
 And Teviot's sons were, once, like Erin's now:—  
 Erin, whose waves a favour'd region screen!  
 Green are her valleys, and her mountains green;  
 No mildews hoar the soft sea breezes bring,  
 Nor breath envenom'd blasts the flowers of spring,  
 But rising gently o'er the wave, she smiles;  
 And travellers hail the emerald queen of isles.

Tall and robust, on Nature's ancient plan,  
 Her mother-hand here frames her favourite man:  
 His form, which Grecian artists might admire,  
 She bids awake, and glow with native fire;

\* After the union of the kingdoms, the free-booters of the Border were restrained, with considerable difficulty, from their ancient practices; but, by the united authority of civil and military law, "the rush-bush was made to keep the cow." The inhabitants of the Border then became attached to the forms and doctrines of Presbyterianism, with as much enthusiasm as had formerly roused them to turbulence and rapine. This sudden change of manners is thus described by Cleland:—

"For instance, lately on the Borders,  
 Where there was nought but theft and murders,  
 Rapine, cheating, and resetting,  
 Slight-of-hand fortunes-getting;  
 Their designation, as ye ken,  
 Was all along '*the taking men*.'  
 Now rebels prevail more with words  
 Than dragoons do with guns and swords;  
 So that their bare preaching now  
*Makes the thrush-bush keep the cow,*  
 Better than Scots or English kings  
 Could do by killing them with strings;  
 Yea, those who were the greatest rogues  
 Follows them over hills and bogs,  
 Crying for prayers and for preaching."

CLELAND'S *Poems*, p. 30.

In the reign of Charles II., and during the tyrannical administration of Lauderdale, a violent attempt was made to impose the forms of the English Church on the Presbyterians of Scotland. The attempt was resisted, partial insurrections were excited, and various actions, or rather skirmishes, took place, particularly at Pentland and Bothwell Bridge, and the country was subjected to military law. Many sanguinary acts of violence occurred, and many unnecessary cruelties were inflicted, the memory of which will not soon pass away on the Borders. The names of the principal agents in these tyrannical and bloody proceedings are still recollected with horror in the West and Middle Marches; they are dignified with the names of "the Persecutors;" and tradition, aggravating their crimes, has endowed them with magical power, and transformed them almost into demons.

For, not to outward form alone confined,  
 Her gifts impartial settle on his mind.  
 Hence springs the lightning of the speaking eye,  
 The quick suggestion, and the keen reply,  
 The powerful spell, that listening senates binds,  
 The sparkling wit of fine elastic minds,  
 The milder charms, which feeling hearts engage,  
 That glow, unrivall'd, in her Goldsmith's page.

But kindred vices, to these powers allied,  
 With ranker growth their shaded lustre hide ;  
 As crops, from rank luxuriance of the soil,  
 In richest fields defraud the farmer's toil,  
 And when from every grain the sower flings  
 In earth's prolific womb, a thousand springs,  
 The swelling spikes in matted clusters grow,  
 And greener stalks shoot constant from below,  
 Debar the fostering sun; till, crude and green,  
 The milky ears mid spikes matured are seen :  
 Thus, rankly shooting in the mental plain,  
 The ripening powers no just proportion gain ;  
 The buoyant wit, the rapid glance of mind,  
 By taste, by genuine science unrefined,  
 For solid views the ill-pois'd soul unfit,  
 And *bulls* and blunders substitute for wit.  
 As, with soft touch, the Indian painter draws  
 His ready pencil o'er the trembling guaze,  
 While, as it glides, the forms, in mimic strife,  
 Seem to contend which first shall start to life ;  
 But careless haste presents each shapeless limb,  
 Awkwardly clumsy, or absurdly slim :  
 So rise the hotbed embryos of the brain,  
 Formless and mix'd, a crude abortive train,  
 Vigorous of growth, with no proportion graced,  
 The seeds of genius, immatured by taste.

Such, sea-girt Erin! are thy sons confest :  
 And such, ere order lawless feud redrest,  
 Were Teviot's sons ; who now, devoid of fear,  
 Bind to the rush by night the theftless steer,  
 Fled is the banner'd war, and hush'd the drum ;  
 The shrill-toned trumpet's angry voice is dumb ;  
 Invidious rust corrodes the bloody steel :  
 Dark and dismantled lies each ancient peel :  
 Afar, at twilight gray, the peasants shun  
 The dome accurst, where deeds of blood were done.  
 No more the staghounds, and the huntsman's cheer,  
 From their brown coverts rouse the startled deer :

Their native turbulence resign'd, the swains  
Feed their gay flocks along these heaths and plains ;  
While, as the fiercer passions feel decay,  
Religion's milder mood assumes its sway.

And lo, the peasant lifts his glistening eye,  
When the pale stars are sprinkled o'er the sky :—  
In those fair orbs, with friends departed long,  
Again he hopes to hymn the choral song ;  
While on his glowing cheek no more remains  
The trace of former woes, of former pains.  
As o'er his soul the vision rises bright,  
His features sparkle with celestial light ;  
To his tranced eye, the mighty concave bends  
Its azure arch to earth, and heaven descends.

Cold are the selfish hearts that would control  
The simple peasant's grateful glow of soul,  
When, raising with his hands, his heart on high,  
The sacred tear-drops trembling in his eye,  
With firm untainted zeal, he swears to hold  
The reverend faith his fathers held of old,  
Hold firm thy faith ! for, on the sacred day,  
No Sabbath-bells invite thy steps to pray ;  
But, as the peasants seek the churchyard's ground,  
Afar they hear the swelling bugle's sound,  
With shouts and trampling steeds approaching near,  
And oaths and curses murmuring in the rear.  
Quick they disperse, to moors and woodlands fly,  
And fens, that hid in misty vapours lie :  
But, though the pitying sun withdraws his light,  
The lapwing's clamorous whoop attends their flight,  
Pursues their steps, where'er the wanderers go,  
Till the shrill scream betrays them to the foe.

Poor bird ! where'er the roaming swain intrudes  
On thy bleak heaths and desert solitudes,  
He curses still thy scream, thy clamorous tongue,  
And crushes with his foot thy moulting young :  
In stern vindictive mood, he still recalls  
The days, when, by the mountain water-falls,  
Beside the streams with ancient willows gray,  
Or narrow dells, where drifted snow-wreaths lay,  
And rocks that shone, with fretted ice-work hung,  
The prayer was heard, and Sabbath psalms were sung.

*Of those dire days, the child, untaught to spell,  
Still learns the tale he hears his father tell ;*



How from his sheltering hut the peasant fled,  
And in the marshes dug his cold damp bed ;  
His rimy locks, by blasts of winter tost,  
And stiffened garments rattling in the frost.

In vain the feeble mother strove to warm  
The shivering child, close cradled on her arm ;  
The cold, that crept along each freezing vein,  
Congeal'd the milk the infant sought to drain.

Still, as the fearful tale of blood goes round,  
From lips comprest is heard a muttering sound ;  
Flush the warm cheeks, the eyes are bright with dew,  
And curses fall on the unholy crew ;  
Spreads the enthusiast glow :—With solemn pause,  
An ancient sword the aged peasant draws,  
Displays its rusty edge, and weeps to tell,  
How he, that bore it, for religion fell,  
And bids his offspring consecrate the day,  
To dress the turf that wraps the martyr's clay.

So, when by Erie's lake the Indians red\*  
Display the dismal banquet of the dead,  
While streams descend in foam, and tempests rave,  
They call their fathers from the funeral cave,  
In that green mount, where virgins go, to weep  
Around the lonely tree of tears and sleep :  
Silent they troop, a melancholy throng,  
And bring the ancient fleshless shapes along,  
The painted tomahawks, embrown'd with rust,  
And belts of wampum, from the sacred dust,  
The bow unbent, the tall unfurbish'd spear,  
Mysterious symbols ! from the grave they rear.

\* The Indian Feast of Souls is one of those striking solemnities which cannot fail to produce a powerful impression on minds susceptible of enthusiasm. In the month of November, the different families which compose one of their tribes assemble, and erect a long hut in a solitary part of the wilderness. Each family collects the skeletons of its ancestors, who have not yet been interred in the common tombs of the tribe. The skulls of the dead are painted with vermillion, and the skeletons are adorned with their military accoutrements. They choose a stormy day, and bring their bones to the hut in the desert. Games and funeral solemnities are celebrated, and ancient treaties again ratified in the presence of their fathers. They sit down to the banquet, the living intermingled with the dead. The elders of the tribe relate their mythic fables and their ancient traditions. They then dig a spacious grave, and, with funeral dirges, carry the bones of their fathers to the tomb. The remains of their respective families are separated by bear-skins and beaver-furs. A mound of earth is raised over the grave, on the top of which a tree is planted, which they term "The Tree of Tears and Sleep."



With solemn dance and song, the feast they place,  
 To greet the mighty fathers of their race:  
 Their robes of fur the warrior youths expand,  
 And silent sit, the dead on either hand;  
 Eye, with fix'd gaze, the ghastly forms, that own  
 No earthly name, and live in worlds unknown;  
 In each mysterious emblem round them trace  
 The feuds and friendships of their ancient race;  
 With awful reverence, from the dead imbibe  
 The rites, the customs, sacred to the tribe,  
 The spectre-forms, in gloomy silence, scan,  
 And swear to finish what their sires began.

By Fancy rapt, where tombs are crusted gray,  
 I seem, by moon-illumin'd graves, to stray,  
 Where, mid the flat and nettle-skirted stones,  
 My steps remove the yellow crumbling bones.  
 The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,  
 Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;  
 While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,  
 Rear'd on the confines of the world below.  
 Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?  
 Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,  
 By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,  
 The old deserted church of Hazeldean,  
 Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,  
 Till Teviot's waters roll'd their bones away?\*

Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—  
 "Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,  
 Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?  
 Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,  
 The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,  
 And Teviot's stream, that long has murmur'd by?  
 And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,—  
 How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,  
 And bear our mouldering bones across the main  
 From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?  
 Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,  
 And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!"

\* A great part of the ancient churchyard of Hazeldean has been swept away by the river Teviot, so that no vestige remains of the burying-place of the author's ancestors.

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